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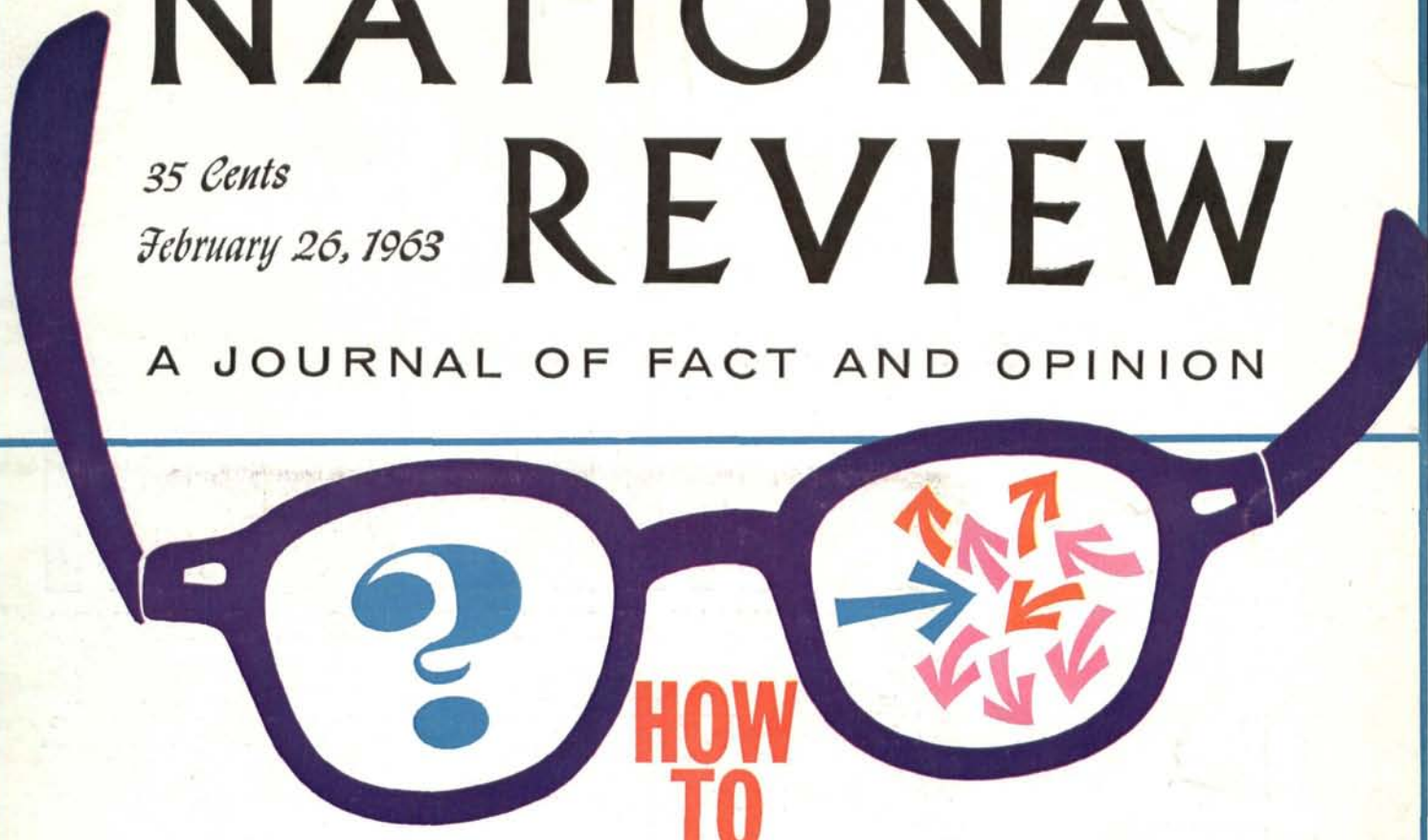

HOW TO ATTACK A LIBERAL

By STEVE ALLEN

Taiwan, the Joyous and Proud

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Articles and Reviews by: WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER
ARVID SHULENBERGER · C. P. IVES · GUY DAVENPORT
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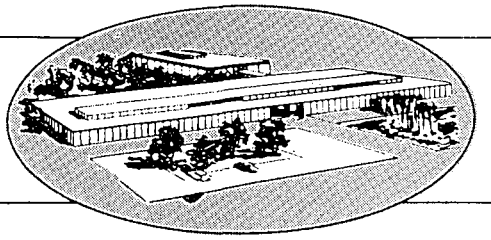

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall, Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe, Morrie Ryskind, Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso, Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, David Franke, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano, W. H. von Dreele, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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In This Issue . . .

→ The versatile **Steve Allen**—comedian, composer, writer and, alas, ideologue (a nabob of SANE)—having taken exception to William Buckley's remarks in a syndicated column ("The Problem of Steve Allen"), addresses the conservative community on what he believes ought to be the rules of political behavior concerning him and his kind. We are glad to give him the space, and to listen to him courteously. He is such a nice man. Pray for him. . . . And pray, says **C. P. Ives**, for the managers of American industry, who must bear up under a sort of cerebral palsy induced by the Wagner Act. Mr. Ives, having survived graduate study in law and economics at a university where God and man keep threatening not to, is a working newspaperman. . . . **Priscilla Buckley** returns from her recent tour of the Orient with a luminous and affectionate sketch of the people of Taiwan, the island that has laid siege to a mainland. . . . **William Rickenbacker** steals up on the Committee for Economic Development, possibly the Big Cheese #1 of all self-proclaimed oracles, and finds, quietly at work back in the staff quarters, a nest of mice, nibbling away at something he thinks CED's Trustees should be guarding. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** tots up the difficulties Harold Macmillan faces, what with the continuing dissolution of the Empire, recession and unemployment at home, the loss of Skybolt through JFK's invocation of the Snub Truculent, and certain "local difficulties" related to the Common Market, and decides that if Macmillan is still SuperMac, he'd better start zooming. . . . **Russell Kirk** digs his pen bravely into Italian politics and manages to skewer the demon that drives Italy ever so surely toward the Left. Most of the pols there, says the Duke of Mecosta, think the U.S. actually *wants* it. The rub of it is, they may be right.

→ **George Fielding Eliot,** author of a dozen books on military strategy, military editor of Collier's Encyclopedia, and one of this country's outstanding analysts of the tactics and hardware of war, reviews Alistair Horne's *The Price of Glory,* a history of the battle of Verdun. A work of the first order, says Major Eliot. . . . **Guy Davenport,** who can whiff a good piece of fiction two libraries away, reports on the savories of three new collections of recollections by John O'Hara, James Purdy, and Giuseppe di Lampedusa, and approves. . . . Sir **Shane Leslie** reviews John W. Wheeler-Bennett's biography of the fabled John Anderson, Viscount Waverley. . . . **James W. Wiggins,** Professor of Sociology at Emory College, looks over Martin Gross' *The Brain Watchers* and agrees you can't measure people by multiple-choice tests. People are too multiple, and too choice. . . . **Arvid Shulenberger,** who teaches at Kansas State University, weaves a lecture on Henry James around the immense biography of him by Leon Edel. . . . And **Francis Russell** decides that if Lawrence had known they'd make *this* film about him, he'd have boycotted Arabia.→

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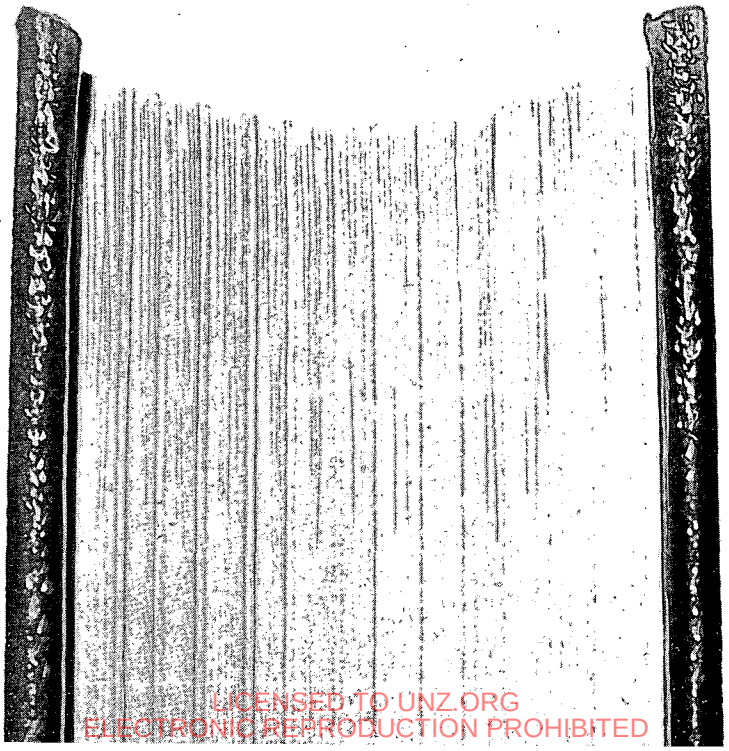

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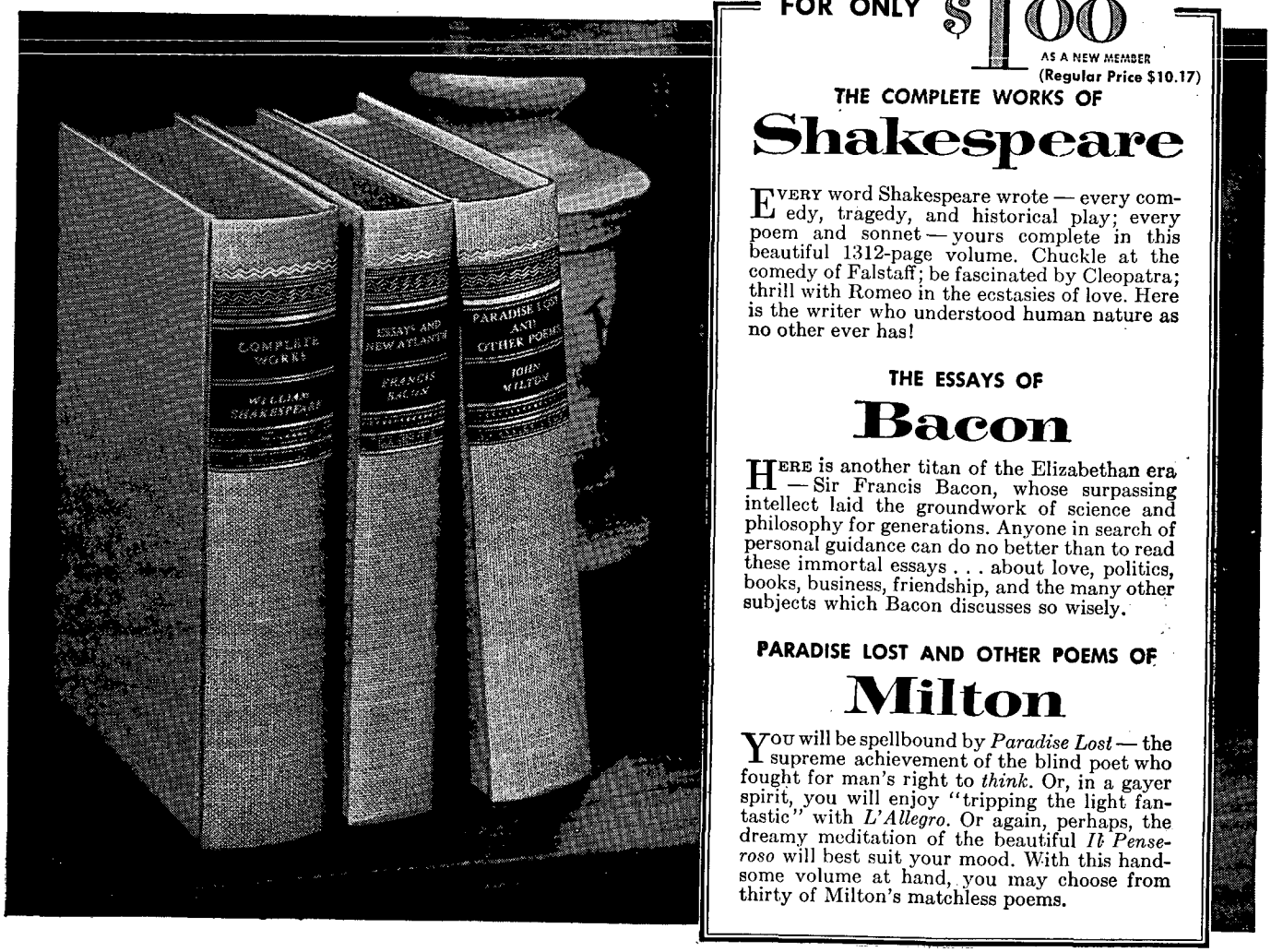

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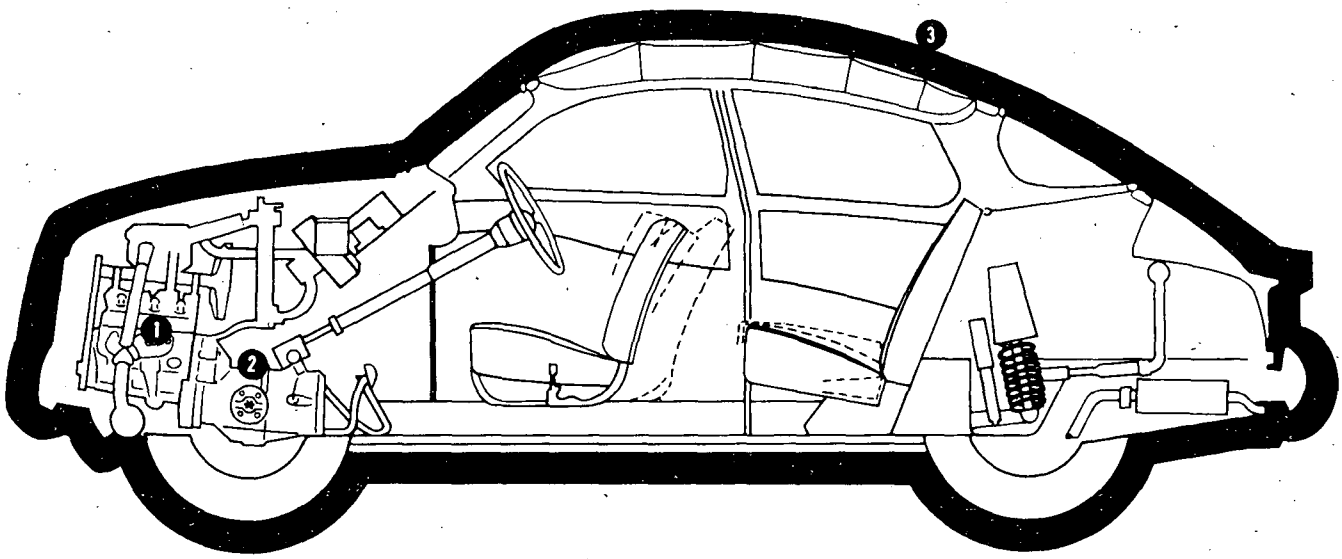

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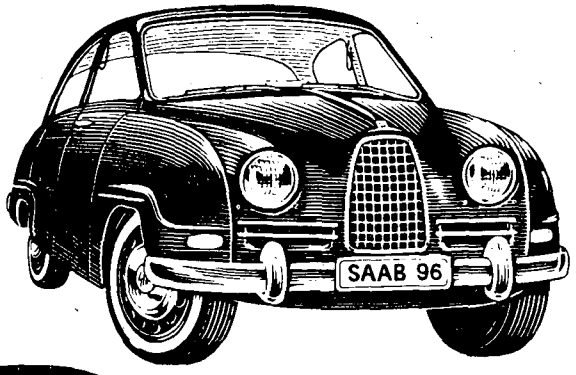

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The WEEK

● When the White House Press Secretary gets news-managed into a promise to hike fifty miles, that's news. But when he manages to un-manage the news by retracting his pledge, no doubt in return for on-site inspection of his unguided muscles, that's not news, managed or otherwise. It's just a broken pledge. That's not news, any more.

● Rep. Craig Hosmer of California started a one-man assault on President Kennedy's nuclear test ban toward the end of January, and before long he had collected expert statements from Adm. Lewis Strauss, physicist Edward Teller, Disarmament Chief William C. Foster, and others, with a cumulative effect that drew the support of other congressional leaders (Arends, Ford, Goodell, Dirksen) and may have pressed hard enough on the President to make him retract his order to stop testing. Perhaps it was only coincidence that David Lilienthal, the first chairman of the AEC, spoke up last week for the first time since 1950 on the subject of nuclear weapons, saying a test ban actually would work against the prospects of peace. In any case, the episode (and Hosmer's efforts will continue as he leads a Republican Conference Committee on Nuclear Testing) illustrates the potency of well-documented argument in the Congress, and gives heart to those who have been calling for a Loyal Opposition to the follies of the Administration.

● On February 6 Senator John Tower addressed the Senate on African policy, demanding that the Congo training camps for Angolan revolutionaries be dismantled. "Let us stop working against our own interests," he said. "If we back the terrorist Roberto or the Communist de Andrade, we will turn Angola and Mozambique into an economic waste. . . . Today neither Angola nor Mozambique is costing us a penny. Tomorrow, they may well be on the growing list of new countries on our payroll."

● The man who unofficially nominated Robert Weaver to head the proposed Urban Affairs Department in order to kill Urban Affairs; the man who proposed federal aid to all schools but religious in order to kill federal aid to schools; the man who tsk-tsks about the postal deficit and asks for postal rate rises and then spends 'em on postal wage rises—why, he has obviously gone and screwed up his tax proposals into such an incomprehensible ragtag of tinsel, calculus, and carrion that you can hardly figure out what he means, or which way he's going. Analysts with sharp noses agree the President has actually contrived an immediate tax increase; so the jazz about "tax cuts" is just managed news. Let that go. Where the cob gets rough is, he has snarled up the tax bit so monstrously, Congress can't begin to talk tax sense this year. Why doesn't the Federal Government recognize that every cut in tax rates is an *automatic simplification and reform* of the tax law, and will produce increased tax revenues eventually? Because John F. Kennedy wants higher tax revenues right now, that's why.

● President Kennedy, mentioning that Cuba is only one thorn in a world full of thistles, told his news conference that we had learned to live with hazards "all around the world"—and so implied that we should have to learn to live also with Communism in Cuba. Maybe we can. Question is: Can the Cuban people?

● The latest negotiating session on the New York newspaper strike broke down last week. All sides reported that the publishers and the 3,000-man Typographers Union were still far apart. The newspapers, having taken a $70 million beating already, were now prepared, as their spokesmen put it, for a "long test of economic strength." There was general sympathy with their plight, with the 17,000 disemployed newspaper employees, and of course for the millions of virtually paperless New Yorkers. But in certain quarters, notably among industrial labor lawyers, there was a note of modulated glee. It pleased them (oh they were sorry, but yes, it pleased them) to see the same publishers who instruct their reporters year after year to play every strike so "straight down the middle" that no labor demand is ever tagged as disproportionate—to see those same publishers struggling to get through to the public that this time the union really is at fault. But the public has been so conditioned by the press and other media that it just doesn't get the message.

● Given that the current concerns of the Federal Reserve and the Census Bureau are, respectively, inflating coin and spying on citizens, this febrifacient question arises: which of these worthies should distribute department store retail sales statistics? Why, both, of course. The real dilemma is, why does Census statisticate *much* happier department store retail sales than Federal Reserve? Because one of them can't add. Tomorrow, at dawn, with your sub-agencies, to the green go, select your news weapons, and tally sales at 20 paces, boys. Every up-tick counts. JFK is watching.

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● In one easy lesson: if Americans are finding it increasingly difficult to believe that what high-ranking officials say is true, is true, it's because high-ranking officials have said it. *Oct. 13, 1962:* NATIONAL REVIEW [in an issue dated 10/23/62] publishes a secret *aide-memoire* outlining UN Secretary General U Thant's plan for the military conquest of Katanga. *Oct. 22, 1962:* Mrs. Wendell Lanning writes UN Under Secretary Ralph Bunche to check the veracity of the report. *Nov. 7, 1962:* Dr. Bunche replies to Mrs. Lanning: "I acknowledge receipt of and thank you for your letter of 22 October. The memorandum to which you refer does not exist. The so-called *aide-memoire* which appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW is a forged document. I assure you that the United Nations has no 'plan' for a military operation against Katanga." *Dec. 24, 1962:* Fighting breaks out in Elisabethville. *Dec. 27, 1962:* UN troops take the Katanga gendarmerie headquarters after hard fighting. *Jan. 20, 1963:* UN troops enter Kolwezi. The military subjugation of Katanga is complete.

● A leading East German surgeon gave a talk in Leipzig about Robert Koch, 1905 Nobel Prizewinner for research in malaria and encephalitis, emphasizing Koch's trip to Stone-Age New Guinea, where the savages built walls around their villages, killing and eating anyone who tried to escape over them. Within 24 hours all Leipzig had got the point. The local Party newspaper explained that the good doctor had never meant to compare New Guinea savages with East German Vopos and urged the citizens to refrain from discussing the matter in any way that might be open to "misinterpretation." Now all East Germany gets the point.

● Dr. Clarence Martin of Jamestown, N.D. bought space a few weeks ago to insert his "Declaration of Independence" in the *Jamestown Sun.* Hereafter, said the doctor, he would refuse all payment from the government for treating welfare patients. Dr. Martin had found that he was spending four times longer in filling out the forms for the government than he was in treating the welfare patients. This, he noted, had had an effect on his disposition (adverse) and at the same time deprived him of the "joy of helping someone." No need to say this unprofessional performance on Dr. Martin's part has the local welfare department in a tizzy. It had asked for $19 million for local health care in the next two years and it may now have trouble spending it all, particularly if *Clarensis Martinococcus* proves to be a communicable disease.

● On the other hand, Dr. Stanford Ascherman, 36, has sued his colleagues in the medical profession to the tune of $6 million, alleging they have damaged his career by opposing his stand in support of socialized medicine. One thing about Doc Ascherman, fer dang sure: he's not trying to wax rich off his patients.

● American folklore recalls the hen which, caught in a hurricane, laid the same egg three times. Soviet Kazakhstan, badly underfulfilling its egg production norms, has institutionalized the technique like this: the local Community Center shows a movie, admission one egg; local worker hies on down to market, buys an egg, and sees movie; Community Center records the proceeds, forwards statistics to Kremlin's agrarian reformers, and returns the eggs to the local market for sale; then the Community Center shows another movie, admission one egg, etc.

● Meanwhile, Soviet state wool buyers have a golden fleece of their own. The state advances them cash to buy wool from the Kolkhozy; the buyers proceed to the farms, convince the local managers that their wool is inferior and virtually worthless, and buy it for next to nothing; and then sell it to the state at first-class prices.

● First the government gave subsidies to cotton farmers by buying cotton to keep the price up. Then it gave foreign aid subsidies to a host of countries to encourage cotton production. Stunned by the cotton surplus, the government began to subsidize farmers for not growing cotton. Alarmed by the drop in world prices and lack of U.S. exports, the government paid subsidies to exporters to sell subsidized cotton. That drove prices down further, and the puzzled government increased the subsidies. The Japanese bought U.S. cotton at one-third below domestic prices and sold finished cotton goods in the U.S. Worried by the damage to local manufacturers, the government put on tariffs and stringent quotas. Now the Japanese are hurdling these barriers. So the President plans to pay a subsidy to U.S. manufacturers to make up for the subsidy paid U.S. exporters, which is to make up for the subsidy paid U.S. farmers to grow cotton, as distinct from the subsidy paid farmers not to grow cotton.

● The Communist-led Afro-Asian Peoples Solidarity Organization (AAPSO) met in Tanganyika last week to organize solidarity against the menace of Western imperialism. Things got off to a solid start when India walked out after its motion condemning Communist China was rejected. Then the Kenyan delegate ran out foaming at his Mau mouth over Somalia's claim to one-third of his homeland. Singapore's delegate was segregated out of the discussion on Malaysia, Tanganyika's Julius Nyerere warned of the menace of Communist imperialism. When the Russian delegate rose to get the discussion back on track, it was

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found that someone had stolen the amplifier from the Russian translation equipment. When the Chinese Communist earphones gave out next day, investigation revealed that Afro-Asians unnamed had destroyed the electrical connection. Solidarity achieved was not AAPSOlute.

● Hasn't *anyone* seen Soapy?

You Can't Make a Policy Without Breaking Eggheads

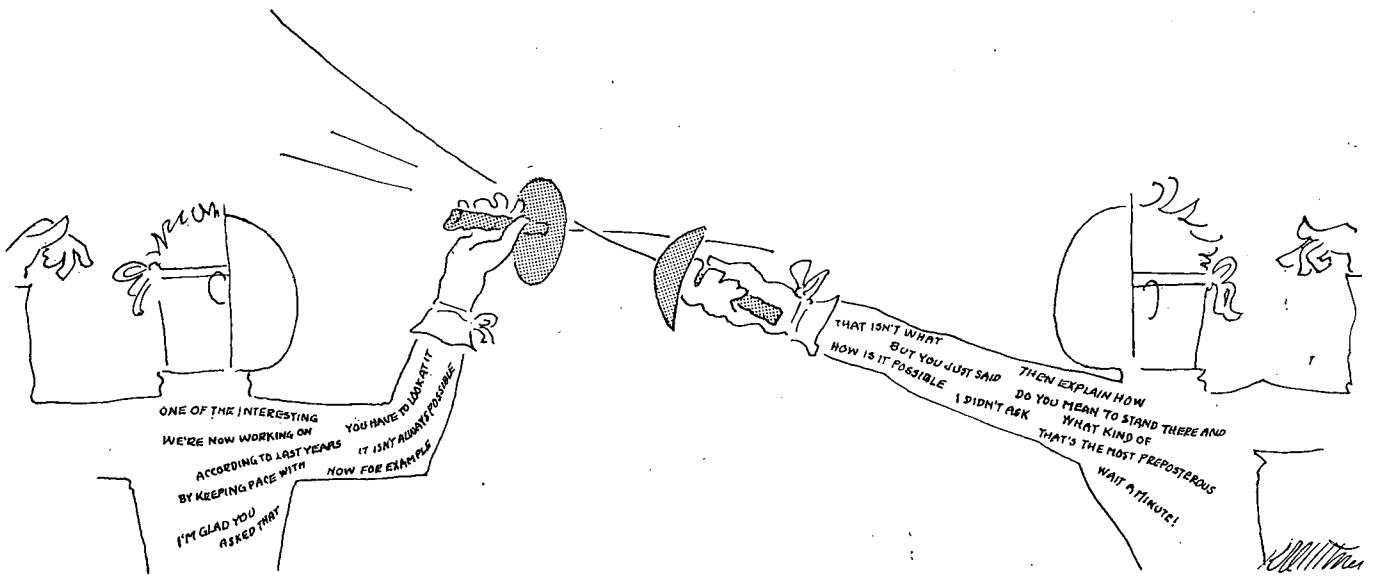
Even the President's ardent admirers no longer try to hide the fact that the foreign policy of his Administration is—as *The Economist* put it politely last week—"in disarray." De Gaulle—Cuba—NATO—Alliance for Progress—Common Market—Canada—Skybolt and Polaris: there is rather a shambles at every point of the compass, a shambles resulting from something faulty about the Kennedy Administration's *style* in conducting foreign policy. There seems to be and indeed there is: for it is the egghead style.

Eggheads—those who are rational if intellectual—live and have their being in the world of ideas and words. They know all about everything, and in particular they always know what is good for the rest of us. They are not at all backward about imparting their knowledge, and if we are slow in accepting it, that only proves that we are stupid or wicked. The egghead's normal mode of procedure is: a) to say what is right but theoretical from his principles; and then, b) to tell us to get busy and act accordingly. In so proceeding, he tends to leave out of account the intractable weight of passion, prejudices, habits, customs and established institutions that a man of practical affairs automatically includes in his equations.

To accomplish the liberation of Cuba the Administration relied, fundamentally, on a White Paper written by Professor Schlesinger, telling the Cuban people that they all hated Castro, loved freedom and would rise up at the first opportunity to throw off the yoke. But the Cuban people, observing that Professor Schlesinger's boss declined to provide the force that could have smashed Castro's planes and tanks, concluded that it was better to have your head under a yoke than have no head at all.

The Administration's theorists proved that Polaris is a more promising "deterrent" than Skybolt; but they can't explain to Mr. Macmillan how his government—staunchly and always pro-American—can avoid the political consequences of the collapse of its armament policy. Just like a school teacher accustomed to dealing with immature pupils, Washington sends fussy—and very public—messages to Brussels and to Ottawa telling the Common Market leaders exactly what to do about Britain and telling Canada what arms program it should adopt. In both these instances Washington's proposals were undoubtedly correct, but the method of presenting them almost guaranteed a negative response, even if the recipients had agreed with their contents.

The Latin Americans are instructed in detail about the radical reforms they must carry out and the necessity for keeping their money at home for domestic investment. But serious Latin Americans—noting that the ordered reform could only wreck their countries, that their private capital can't compete with U.S. handouts, and that Washington's failure to oust Castro threatened the Latin Americans with Communist subversion—play for time and meanwhile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YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT IT
IT ISN'T ALWAYS POSSIBLE
NOW FOR EXAMPLE
THAT ISN'T WHAT
BUT YOU JUST SAID
HOW IS IT POSSIBLE
I DIDN'T ASK
THEN EXPLAIN HOW
DO YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE AND
WHAT KIND OF
THAT'S THE MOST PREPOSTEROUS
WAIT A MINUTE!

DEDICATED THRUSTS AND ARTFUL PARRIES

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stash away a few pesos, cruzeiros, and whatnot in Zurich. Chip Bohlen may prove to de Gaulle that Polaris is a more effective deterrent system than anything France can build but when de Gaulle observes that Washington won't discipline a minor scoundrel on its doorstep he figures that France had better try to make her own arrangements with Khrushchev.

Eggheads are always saying things, always talking and writing, announcing elaborate plans, programs and projects. But the world and man and history are intransigent realities. The plans don't work out, the projects fail. Then the egghead starts floundering, blundering, pouting, blaming everybody in sight except himself, and announces still more plans and projects. This is exactly the way the Kennedy Administration is now behaving. Its words have come square up against realities; its reaction is to flail its arms and utter more words.

The Rocky Rocky Road

If there's something about Nelson Rockefeller that doesn't quite come off, despite the squads of PR men who cluster around him, maybe the reason is he's just unlucky. In his first term the Executive Mansion burned down, destroying a fortune in images created by the modern arts. Last summer poor Rocky squirmed when a confidential memo to GOP leaders wound up as the *pièce de résistance* at a Conservative Party rally. Only recently a misguided staffer of his wrote a smearful little note on the bottom of an incoming letter, signed it "D.F.B." and woke up to find some clod had sent the original back to the correspondent. . . .

Well, if Rocky suffers from poltergeists, they've been hyperacute recently. Take this matter of the motor vehicle tax. The Governor solemnly promised the voters of New York last fall that he wouldn't raise "taxes." Once safely re-elected and re-inaugurated, however, he promptly called for a steep rise in the cost of motor vehicle licenses—on the sly ground that this charge is not a "tax" but a "fee."

Unfortunately, as the New York Conservative Party's spokesman, David Jaquith, promptly pointed out, "In every one of the Governor's first four budgets these charges were described as 'motor vehicle taxes.'" Wouldn't you just *know?*

So maybe that's the explanation for the delay in Rockefeller's widely anticipated "turn to the Right." In order to win the Republican Presidential nomination, Rockefeller must woo delegates who have solid reasons to suspect him of inveterate Liberalism; and it had been freely predicted that between his re-election as governor and the 1964 convention he would labor heroically to project a more conservative "image."

But while the New Rockefeller may be just around the next corner, it is a curious fact that the Same Old (Liberal) Rockefeller was still very much in evidence as late as mid-February 1963. The Governor's budget spending proposals for this year are a full 61 per cent higher than the peak figures of Averell Harriman's open-handed administration; and even if "fees" are raised as Rockefeller has demanded, the Citizens' Public Expenditure Survey estimates that the Empire State will be stuck with a $219 million deficit of expenditures over recurring income.

Moreover, the Governor's increasingly frequent comments on national affairs tend to bear out this unexpected pattern. On February 10 he asserted during a television interview that he has no quarrel with President Kennedy's goals in economic and social areas: all he objects to is Kennedy's failure "to actually carry out these goals and make them realities." As an illustration he cited the civil rights plank of the 1960 Democratic platform. "There has been," he complained bitterly, "no major legislation to carry out the promises."

The best guess is that poor Rocky's leprechauns have struck again. Maybe he reached into his desk for the 1963 script and accidentally pulled out, instead, the script for 1962—or 1965. You just wait. When Rockefeller finishes digesting the implications of the 1962 elections, he will not only moderate his "image," he'll start saying "you-all" and munching corn pone instead of blintzes.

Pity Canada

Tory Premier John Diefenbaker's government lost a vote of confidence, principally on the question of Canada's accepting nuclear weapons. On April 8 Canada's electors will choose a new government from among four parties whose response to the offer of nuclear weapons may be summarized as follows: Tories, probably No; NDP (Socialists), certainly No; Social Credit, probably *Mais non;* Liberals, Yes, but Canada should renegotiate her nuclear commitment. Russian-manned bombers will threaten Canada for at least five years more, but the $800 million spent so far on Bomarc missile installations in northern Canada will provide no defense unless Canada permits Bomarc the nuclear warhead it was designed for.

But Premier John Diefenbaker balks at accepting the warheads. The ban-the-bomb faction in each party thinks nuclear arms would violate Canada's virginity, and speaks of Canada's influence with the neutrals through her non-nuclear status. Anti-Communists on both sides of the border need not rejoice when the only party in Canada that professes willingness to live up to its NATO and North American Air Defense commitments is headed by Lester Pearson.

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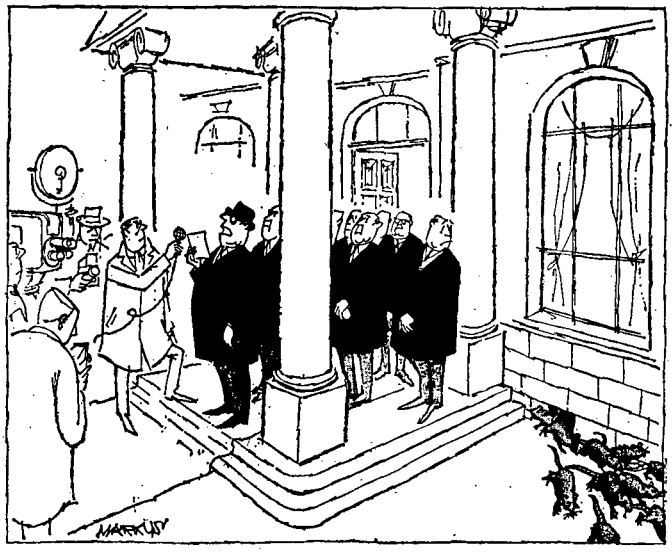
Iraq: The Background

Unanimity of opinion or approach on things Middle Eastern is about as rare as a penguin in the Sahara, but for once everyone is pleased: Iraqi strongman Gen. Abdul Karim el-Kassem is gone, suddenly and violently. Nasser likes the new regime, and so, it appears from Radio Moscow, does Nikita Khrushchev. The other Arab states couldn't wait to recognize the government of President Abdel Salam Aref, and the United States, Great Britain, the USSR and Red China were not far behind.

From the Western viewpoint, the Kassemites would none of them be missed. Kassem had come to power in 1958 in a bloody Bastille Day revolt culminating in the brutal murder of young King Feisal, other members of the royal family and the distinguished pro-Western Arab statesman, Premier Nuri es-Said. Kassem immediately took Iraq out of the Baghdad Pact, out of the Western alliance and into the pro-Communist neutralist camp. He turned to the Soviet Union for economic and military aid, and the USSR responded openly, being well pleased to have a military base in Iraq from which to threaten NATO's defenses in Turkey and Iran.

When the same pro-Nasser nationalist forces which seem to be in power at the moment revolted at Mosul in northern Iraq in March of 1959, Kassem appealed for help to the Communist-led militia which proceeded to put down the rebellion with uncontrolled brutality. But when the Communists grew too arrogant some months later Kassem cracked down on them as well.

The last two years of his life were filled with plots and counterplots, intrigue, and assassination attempts. He holed up within the well-fortified walls of his Defense Ministry and picked fights with his neighbors, with Nasser, with Hussein, with Ibn Saud, even with tiny Kuwait.



Hamburg, *Die Welt*

"My regime faces every crisis stout and unperturbed."

The nationalists who overthrew Kassem a fortnight ago struck with the ruthlessness Kassem himself had practiced, and, from reports reaching neighboring Beirut and Damascus, are exacting a full measure of revenge on the Communists for the Mosul and Kirkuk massacres of 1959. The initial impression is that they are solidly anti-Communist, which is a gain. They have announced that they will remain neutralist, which was to be expected. President Aref and the men around him are known to be pro-Nasserites. But there seems considerable doubt that they will hurry to federate with the UAR, given the historic hostility between Iraq and Egypt, the breakdown of the Syrian-Egyptian federation and the purely materialistic consideration that rarely if ever in history has a rich country (remember all that Iraqi oil) voluntarily taken second place in a political union headed by an improverished country.

The Harvard Method

The President's Economic Report to Congress is a casebook in Liberalism's approach to economic problem-solving.

Does unemployment hang at 5.6 per cent? Broaden the federal minimum-wage law! But the minimum wage takes no cognizance of differences in living costs: textile mills in Alabama must pay the same minimum wage as electronics firms in Boston, or California. Further, the group that needs jobs most is the unskilled youths of 24 and under. Businesses often cannot afford to hire these job seekers at the minimum wage; it is cheaper to automate the unskilled jobs out of existence. And hiring young people to train them for skilled jobs is too expensive with the minimum wage. So the taxpayer is being asked to pick up the tab for costly new federal training programs.

Do corporation tax rates prevent investment? Cut taxes! But the first stage of the tax program for corporations will be a rule that requires prepayment of corporation taxes. Some analysts even foresee an actual increase in corporate taxation, at least initially.

Do budget deficits alarm foreign holders of U.S. securities, thereby increasing the rate of gold outflow? Let's have "strong" deficits! The gold outflow during Republican deficit years resulted from "weak" deficits. The $11.8 billion "strong" Democratic deficit will impress Europeans with our soundness and actually strengthen our gold position. But a deficit is strong only when it is self-liquidating. What kind of investment return do we expect from Ethiopian yachts?

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People aren't buying enough? Cut taxes on lower-income brackets! But personal savings are at record levels. If the Federal Government removed some of the immunities from labor monopolies and stopped blackjacking employers into price-heaving wage settlements, attractive prices would soon find ready buyers.

And so it goes. The economic witch-doctors forgot the free market so long ago that all they can do to solve economic problems of their own making is to jam the apparatus further.

Burr Under the Blanket

No matter how loudly he neighs or how he kicks and rears, no matter how frantically he rushes this way or that, he cannot shake it out: Mr. Kennedy is finding that the Cuban issue sticks like a burr under the saddle blanket.

The Secretary of Defense and a supporting cast were booked for star roles in a TV spectacular that proved—what no one has disputed: that those larger Soviet missiles reported last autumn by our photographers, and their launching mechanisms, have been dismantled and, by outward appearances, probably shipped home. Much of the rest of what Mr. McNamara had to say did not seem to give much aid and comfort to the Administration's thesis that there is no need to worry our little heads over what is going on in Cuba. Whatever weapons may have departed, a most extraordinary number remain—all, it would seem, ready for action. Six thousand having gone, there are "only" 17,000 Soviet troops on hand, of whom "only" a third or so are organized in combat units, the Pentagon spokesmen now inform us—perhaps forgetting that they told us last autumn that there were "only" 7,000 or 8,000 Russians in Cuba, "technicians" all.

Secretary McNamara waxed wondrous wroth at amateur intelligence experts, meaning Senator Kenneth Keating, but he failed to explain how it happened that what Senator Keating told us late last summer about Cuba proved to be true; while what the Pentagon and White House told, was, by their own subsequent admissions and revelations, false. By the record there is something to be said for the amateurs.

The Cuban situation is not important, the Administration assures us, because the weapons there are defensive only. It is worth noting that no military voice joins the chorus that daily repeats this jejune refrain. All military men know what Hanson Baldwin stated in an able column prepared for the mournfully suspended *New York Times*: what makes weapons defensive and offensive is how men use them. Cuba is not important, the Administration cries again; it is Latin America which, in the President's words, is "the world's most critical area." But it is precisely the existence of a Communist Cuba, the reality of a Caribbean Yenan, that raises the situation of Latin America from its always troublesome to its presently critical level. And Cuba is not important, we hear, because the main thing is to get on with disarmament at Geneva. Where better to begin the disarming, might one not wonder, than in Cuba?

Cuba, the President is going to discover, is no ghost to be laid to rest by exorcising. Wherever he turns he will find a Cato ready to remind him: *Castro delendus est.*

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE VASSALL SPY CASE
by Colm Brogan

Shut Up!

Washington (UPI). *George M. Ball, No. 2 man in the State Department, urged Americans today to accept the Administration's assessment of the Cuban situation and "stop all this talking."*

Congress is terribly inconvenient. There, between the White House and Foggy Bottom, a nice cozy deal is being cooked up with Khrushchev about Berlin and disarmament and getting aggressive—or obsolete—missiles (you pays your money and you takes your choice) out of Turkey and Italy. And Khrushchev has given his word as a gentleman that *he* will get out of Cuba. Just give him time: those nasty Chinese won't understand if he does it too fast.

Then just when everything is going along smoothly, Goldwater and Keating and Scott, and Bruce and Thurmond and Stennis, upset the applecart, agonizedly calling for action against the Soviet buildup in Cuba. They simply haven't learnt that the function of senators and congressmen is to say *Ja,* while the Leader and his entourage take care of everything for us.

Of course no one is perfect, and it all might end up with the United States retreating again and the Communists advancing again. But that's a risk you have to take when you are working for peace (if you don't understand this, another beefed-up nuclear war scare will sharpen your wits so you will appreciate the terrible danger our firm young President keeps averting by snatching defeat out of the jaws of victory).

Something *has* to be done. There is too much at

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stake. Congressmen are not only talking, they're starting investigations—and worse, they're stirring up the American people. And the people are beginning to think that maybe a Soviet base off the coast of Florida is a more serious matter than just a counter in some "negotiation"; maybe even that something is rotten in the Caribbean, and in Washington.

So what do you do? Shut 'em up! This is a free country, but foreign policy is the President's prerogative (that "advise and consent" stuff is just an eighteenth-century flourish). Secretary Rusk is getting a little shopworn, so trot out George Ball to tell 'em to keep in goose-step and "stop all this talking." What shall they, that is, We the People, do? Why, "watch the situation and let it develop."

Mr. Ball has no Gestapo or MVD to back up his words, of course, but Little Brother has fangs, and they've done the job before. Maybe it will work this time—unless the Congress and the American people have had enough.

Erratum: In the January 29 issue we reported that Captain Kenneth Good, who was killed in Vietnam, left one child. In fact he left three children, as we are informed by James C. Tankersley, Regimental Surgeon, 4th Marines, First Marine Brigade FMF, who is Captain Good's brother-in-law, and who adds, sadly, "Not that it makes much difference."

Notes and Asides

We thought we had fielded every request in the book until we picked up the phone the other day. It was one of our readers who wanted to know if we wouldn't put our research facilities entirely at his disposal. Seems he was contemplating writing a Broadway musical about conservatives to be called *The Right-Wing Follies.* (We hated to tell him, but if he tried to base a musical on our research files we could guarantee him only one thing—that it would be the shortest musical ever to hit Broadway.)

In each issue (on page 171 of this one) we publish a Reader's Service coupon, which we hope you will use for change of address, or for any other problem. As you will note, we ask that you enclose your *magazine wrapper* any time you write us. It carries, below your name, the code line that is all but indispensable for accurate and speedy attention to your problems. If you are also a *Bulletin* reader (as so many of you are, these days), remember that you must tell us to change both addresses: they are on separate subscription lists. Anyway, they're *beautiful* brown wrappers.

For the Record

Organization of American States, which used to criticize U.S. "interference" in Castro Cuba, now getting panicked, ready to propose stringent embargoes against Castro. An OAS working group has come up with hot evidence of Castro meddling in other Latin countries; will report to main OAS body that prime Red targets are Venezuela, Brazil, Colombia, in that order (British Guiana already in the bag?). . . . Venezuelan police raid on "National Liberation Army" (Communist) headquarters in Caracas uncovered weapons, radios, plans for attacks on U.S. firms in Venezuela, list of Communist university students—and even the date when some of the students are scheduled to join guerrilla bands in the hills. . . . Sec. of State Rusk recently revealed Pres. Kennedy is still getting his favorite cigars through friendly diplomats in Havana. Senate Republicans suggesting the President try to get some reliable intelligence on missile bases the same way.

Watch out! Those in the know suspect the respected Advertising Council's Public Policy Committee will try to "sell" the UN to the public rather than "inform the public" about it as part of its 1963 program. Committee is headed by Paul Hoffman, has UN Under Secretary Ralph Bunche as member. . . . Washington sources believe State Department may be negotiating new ransom deal: this time an exchange of U.S. wheat for four Americans now held in Red China prisons. . . . Active conservative Republicans in Mississippi (most of them reconstructed Democrats) believe they have first-rate gubernatorial candidate in Rubel Phillips. Importance: should Phillips make good showing in off-year Mississippi race, it would be pointer to strength of GOP conservatives in Dixie.

Bad news for Andorrans: the Pyrenees republic reports that "in view of recent developments in the commercial and tourism field" it will have to up its armed forces 60 per cent and increase its defense budget. Andorra plans to add six men to its police force of ten; put out additional 300 pesetas ($5.60) for ammunition.

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The Need for Automated Pushbuttons

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Would you care to know what is my greatest single worry in connection with our defense system?

A great deal of publicity has recently been given to a novel called *Fail-Safe*. One fictitious day, our early warning devices pick up flying objects of menacing delineation, and accordingly a fleet of American airplanes carrying thermonuclear bombs is directed to proceed to plaster Russia. As the minutes tick by, we suddenly discover that the radar-exciters are in fact perfectly innocent, mere natural phenomena, and accordingly we instruct our air fleet, now charging towards the enemy, to come back. But—but, something goes wrong in one of the arcane little communications-sending tubes in Omaha, and the recall message does not reach a covey of our planes, which chases on towards Moscow, bent on delivering death. Desperately, JFK calls Khrushchev on the telephone and tells him about the dreadful dilemma. Mr. Kennedy will order an Air Force plane to dump a thermonuclear bomb smack on New York (not a bad choice, let's face it). Khrushchev accepts the deal; and so the elimination of the entire world by an all-out nuclear war is averted, but only by the death of Moscow and New York.

Buckley

The novel is, as Professor Sidney Hook has said, morally outrageous, in that it cynically encourages the reader to fear utterly non-existent dangers. Just about everybody in America concerned with our defense system has rushed forward to inform the million innocents who have bought the book and trembled over its hypothesis, that under existing arrangements such a thing as the Fail-Safe just couldn't happen. Because the rule is that if the aviators don't receive, when just about on target, a specially coded message instructing them to proceed with the execution of the nuclear mission, they are automatically to return to their bases; *i.e.*, to assume that the strike order has been canceled.

The Polaris submarines are similarly instructed. And in the case of the Minutemen, no less than two persons, authorized by the President, must simultaneously deliver identical signals to the trigger man—whose controls, moreover, are locked by a central device which must be released by yet another official.

The behavior of the Soviet Union during the past seventeen years clearly sustains the conclusion that what peace with freedom there is in the world today is made possible by the shelter of our nuclear umbrella. If we hadn't had our atom bombs, the Soviet Union would ruthlessly, happily, boisterously have brought down every free nation in the world. It follows that, pending ideological apostasy in the Kremlin, the maintenance of that nuclear umbrella is inflexibly related to the preservation of freedom in the world.

But the existence of atom bombs, we all know, is not in and of itself a deterrent. What deters is *a*) the bomb; *b*) the carrier system; and *c*) the will to use the bomb. For the time being we are doing all right *vis-à-vis a*) and *b*). What about *c*)? Are we erring too far in the direction completely opposite from that described by the handwringers who wrote *Fail-Safe?*

Consider. The Soviet Union, we know, has detonated a sixty-megaton weapon. Scientists appear to agree that it is altogether possible to manufacture a hundred-megaton bomb, and that quite possibly the USSR has such a beast.

Now we all know that the Soviet Union would rather not inherit a thermonuclear desert. But let us not be distracted by that sub-argument. One must ask first: might not the leaders of the Soviet Union reason that a truly devastating strike against the United States would *a*) knock out the Minuteman menace; and *b*) leave Polaris completely isolated from the political agency vested with the authority to squeeze the trigger? And what if an authoritative government official does survive? Isn't he, or even the submarine commander, left with an acute moral problem? It is clear that there is no moral objection to the use of thermonuclear arsenals as a deterrent. But as retaliation? There are again sub-complexities here having to do with the effort to understand what is the best service the Polaris commander could render to the surviving parts of the world. But leaving that aside, America is meanwhile gone, and the commander broods over the controls.

The Soviet Union gambled, in *my* horror story, on the bourgeoisification of a nuclear-deterrent chain of command—gambled on our not getting up an *automatic* system of atomic retaliation, in deference to sentimental concerns.

Years and years ago, a science fiction writer described a fantasy: the world, a generation hence, in a state of apocalyptic deadlock—until the United States and the Soviet Union hit on the idea of launching an orbiting platform chock-full of hydrogen bombs which will automatically drop over the entire surface of the globe if activated by a nuclear explosion below. That is still science fiction, but I borrow from it to suggest that we should automate the act of retaliation—precisely in order to effect deterrence. How? By contriving self-starting devices which would respond instantly and automatically to a nuclear blast against us. If these were properly set up, they would lead a peaceful life, and so would we.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

"The present Administration appears to proceed on the premise that many things the American people need to know are too secret to trust them with, too complex for them to understand, or too shocking for them to believe."

Cato

This summed up the findings of the Republican leadership of the House and of the members of a special committee appointed by the House Republican Conference and chaired by Rep. Craig Hosmer (R., Calif.), an able and energetic GOP congressman.

The Committee was talking about the off-again, on-again nuclear test ban negotiations and the Administration's approach to it, but the statement applies with equal validity to a host of vital matters.

Consider Cuba. Despite Secretary McNamara's television White Paper on February 6 to "explain" the military situation in Cuba, it's known here in Washington that important facts were ignored or glossed over because they were "too secret to trust" to the American people. In its TV spectacular the Administration clung to its semantic distinction between offensive and defensive weapons, but the distinction remained so shadowy that it escaped most of the American people. And the torpedoing of Senators Keating and Scott, which was the object of "operation squash," did not come off.

Under the "too shocking to be believed" heading are most facts which contradict today's Administration "Special" that Cuba is not presently being used as an active base for export of Communism to other countries in Latin America.

On the Cuba issue there is, for once, almost complete unanimity among the Republicans, who are heading the fight. A quick check of various offices here on the Hill shows they all believe:

1. The GOP has forced the Administration to demonstrate the extent to which Cuba has become an armed Soviet base (no other reading of this aspect of the McNamara press conference is possible).

2. Although essentially a military matter, the Cuban question is not being handled by the Joint Chiefs but by civilian White House aides and to a lesser extent, the CIA.

3. The McNamara briefing pointed up the inadequacy of air surveillance and the imperative requirement of on-the-spot military inspection. McNamara and his CIA aide at the briefing both referred frequently to the time lapse between the taking of aerial photos and the interpretation of these photos.

4. Despite Administration denials, Cuba *is* being used as the base in this hemisphere for the export of Communism. Soviet arms and equipment, routed through Cuba, have poured into Brazil, into British Guiana, and into Venezuela (and never you mind recent denials by State Department buffs that pro-Communist guerrillas captured in Venezuela have been using arms supplied by Castro. To be sure, some of the machine guns are Czech-made, but everyone knows . . .).

5. Finally, the Administration, which asserted that it had to "manage the news" during the Cuban crisis, is demonstrating that news continues to be used as a weapon, particularly against a domestic opposition.

In bringing up Cuba, the GOP is aware that it may well be setting itself up for another jolt *à la* October 22-November 6. At that time Republicans knew that any last-minute action by the Administration against Cuba would wreck their chances of making substantial gains in the congressional election. A similar situation exists today. The Republicans are uneasily aware that if they press the rising public demand that "something" be done about Cuba hard enough, the President may respond to that pressure and, by acting vigorously on Cuba, increase his support tenfold. But this is a chance they feel they must take.

When Congress convened last month there was little optimism about a GOP victory in 1964. Recent developments have modified this mood.

For one thing, the usually hostile Washington press corps has shown signs of disillusionment with the New Frontier. "News management" has hit this group harder than so far publicly indicated. Moreover, the press seems to be treating GOP positions with more respect. No longer is a GOP stand automatically discounted as political maneuvering.

Public indignation over the Administration assumption that "Papa Knows Best" grows daily. Dr. Heller blasts the "Puritan ethic" which leads the public to such ridiculous assumptions as that taxes should not be cut unless expenditures are. Budget Director Gordon lectures the people on the great value of "strong" deficits as opposed to the old-style "weak" deficits. Senator Fulbright (D., Ark.) calls on the citizens to refrain from criticism on foreign policy matters, since only the Administration understands such complex issues. The people listen, but they don't much like. The people are quiet, but the people aren't fooled, not by professional turns of phrase and super-sophisticated distinctions. And if the Executive isn't aware of it, the members of the House of Representatives are.

Laugh of the week, that is, if you don't cry first: At the February 7 news conference, President Kennedy was asked how the public could discern "managed news" from the real stuff. His answer: "I think it [the public] gets a good deal of factual information. The problem of the Federal Government, the National Government, what information it puts out, and I think we are trying to give the information, on the matter of Cuba we have been trying to be accurate, and there is also, it seems to me, the information of the press to make a judgment as to whether information that is coming out is accurate, not only by the National Government, but by others, and to subject that to careful scrutiny as they do our information."

Get it?

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How to Attack a Liberal

A, er, Liberal celebrity addresses the conservative community on how we should deal with him—what's fair, and what isn't. Proceed with caution . . .

STEVE ALLEN

Audubon Society members interested in the *Golden-Throated Warbler,* the *Red-Breasted Robin* and the *Great Horned Owl* must detect a familiar ring in those hardy denizens of the political forest, the *Black-Hearted Communist,* the *Die-Hard Reactionary,* the *Moss-Backed Conservative* and the *Fuzzy-Minded Liberal.* In any event, the hunting season appears more open than ever and arrows fly in all directions.

William F. Buckley Jr., in his syndicated newspaper column, recently raised the question as to what methods were ethically permissible to conservatives who wish to diminish the political influence of prominent Liberal entertainers. Wisely, he pointed out that whatever weapons were deemed suitable for this purpose could also be turned, by Liberals, against conservative performers. Since I address a conservative audience in these pages, and write in my capacity as a Liberal, I shall say no more about the two-sidedness of the argument but shall restrict myself to general comments pertaining to morality and logic. One reason for this is that the argument is not symmetrically two-sided anyway. There are, as it happens, only a handful of conservative actors, whereas hundreds of our nation's most gifted performers identify themselves as Liberals. This is not surprising, of course. Down through history creative people of all sorts: painters, novelists, poets, playwrights, musicians, composers, sculptors, and actors, when they have been socially conscious at all, have almost always been to the left of political center. This, of course, *proves* nothing, although it *suggests* a great deal.

Now conservatives are certainly entitled to attempt to weaken the political effectiveness of Mort Sahl or Shirley MacLaine or Marlon Brando, but they are not entitled to employ unethical means of doing so. Their own moral code, for example, forbids them to call a man a Communist when he is nothing of the kind. One of the great ironies of contemporary history concerns the actions of those conservatives who on the one hand assert a willingness to defend a code with their lives while on the other ignore the same traditional morality on grounds of political expediency.

Precision of Attack

But, even short of this extreme, conservatives sometimes err in attacking Liberals because they have not taken the trouble to get their targets into precise focus. I agree with Mr. Buckley that my own case is appropriately illustrative. In relating some of its details I shall not resort to documenting my 25-year record as a militant anti-Communist: the record is there, and such men as Senator Dodd and J. Edgar Hoover have drawn attention to it. "Some people," Averell Harriman recently observed, "think it is only if you are ready to involve our nation in atomic war that you are a patriot." Obviously those who think that Robert Welch is *more patriotic* than Dwight Eisenhower are truly in need of psychiatric advice, although how they are to get it when they also suppose that the mental health movement is a Communist plot I do not know.

Much political mischief and nonsense, of course, is traceable not to malice but to a clumsy use of labels. And even when labels are used correctly they tell very little about a man. A socialist, for example, is not *only* a socialist. He may also be a violinist, a Unitarian, a chess-player, a husband, and a comforter of the afflicted. And when you kill the socialist you also kill the violinist, the Unitarian, the chess-player, the husband, the father and the Good Samaritan.

Those who believe they have precisely indexed and labeled me when they have identified me as a *Liberal* are mistaken. To explain their error I will assume two points of view, the first of which is limited and common, the second of which is wider and more profound. Many conservatives err in believing they have correctly sized me up because, like most American Liberals, I am to a great extent conservative. In other words I respect the Constitution, the flag, our national tradition, and the political philosophy of our forefathers. As much as any conservative I despise Communism—as I despise every other form of tyranny—and I yield to no one in regard to appreciation of the beauty of the ideal of human freedom.

Furthermore, I am not only a believer in the free-enterprise system of capitalism, I am myself a wealthy man and a capitalist. In all of this, of course, I am not particularly virtuous; on the contrary, I am nothing more, politically speaking, than the average American. But above and beyond this average-common-denominator position, I am personally an individualist and always have been. I am registered as neither a Democrat nor a Republican but as an Independent. During my school days I bridled at all manifestations of inconsiderate authority or bureaucratic habit-thinking and tended to do things in my own way and at my own rate of speed. In my professional life I have never been suited for the job of Organization Man. Like most creative people I have found it impossible to

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be servile and have functioned most effectively when I was granted the greatest possible freedom. Even the techniques of my craft bear this out: I prefer spontaneous to scripted comedy (could not resist ad-libbing even in a Broadway play), play jazz piano by ear (an exercise of freedom), and am restless when restricted by TV "format." In other words, emotionally, viscerally, I am the very model of your freedom-loving, individualistic "conservative."

But if this is so, you may ask, how did it come to pass that I became identified as a Liberal in the first place? Actually the thing happened to a great extent without my being aware that it was happening. Out of nothing more than concern about and careful study of particular issues I came to adopt certain positions. To give a specific example, I made a study of the question of capital punishment, with the result that I changed my mind on the subject and became convinced that the death penalty represents nothing more than institutionalized revenge.

Another example: I became aware that all over the world theologians, philosophers, political theorists, military experts—in sum: the intellectual élite—were warning mankind of the catastrophic dangers of nuclear war. I studied the question and became convinced that unless certain historic trends were reversed our world faced eventual nuclear holocaust. (My solution, by the way, is *not* unilateral nuclear disarmament.)

I arrived at these positions not as a lifelong Liberal (my early background was Father Coughlinite reactionary), not as a doctrinaire representative of any group, but as a free American who, having taken the pains to study certain questions, had arrived at conclusions. Once I had adopted these views I made so bold as to *act* free. Living in a nation that prides itself on freedom of speech I had not, in my naiveté, anticipated that there were certain risks attached to practicing a political virtue of which all my countrymen boast. I was not long, however, in learning the political facts of life. Not only did I promptly receive my lumps but I awoke to find that a large sticker reading "Liberal" had, so to speak, been pinned to my chest.

Now that I *have* learned the consequences, of course, I shall persist in speaking my mind. To hell, I say, with political cowardice; it is already stifling our society.

The Scientific Posture

Now let us return to the second point of view from which I promised to point out the error of those who react to labels rather than individuals or, as Korzybski puts it, to maps rather than actual territories. No two things are ever alike. Therefore it follows that no two Liberals in the world are identical, even as regards their liberality. But more than that, no one thing is ever the same at any two moments in time. It follows therefore that Steve Allen, the Liberal, on May 15, 1960 is not the same thing as Steve Allen, the Liberal, on May 15, 1963. Any way of thinking that overlooks this "obvious" truth is likely to lead to error. After all, there is a veritable infinity of individuals on your own side of the political fence, all of whom are clumsily labeled conservative or reactionary. But some of these men are intelligent and fair-minded individuals while others are bigoted ignoramuses. So, if we must use the labels, let us admit they are fuzzy and imprecise.

What I am urging, of course, is the scientific posture. The traditional or Aristotelian view set great store on labels and categories. The scientific philosophy—while it obviously retains all meaningful classifications—nevertheless goes beyond them to a fresh appreciation of the particular.

Reality changes constantly, as the truly modern man realizes, and any political philosophy which does not take this fact into account is doomed to frustration if not disaster. Change has always been a part of human existence, but in recent years the pace of it is on the increase. Only those are unnerved by change who are unwilling to admit its inevitability. Unfortunately very few, even in our day, are encouraged to appreciate the nature of social evolution. On the contrary, the educational pressures of all societies seem to perpetuate traditions for their own sake, whether or not they are relevant to the solving of new problems. The child is rarely taught to think for himself; he is usually urged to conform to the ways of the tribe. If there were only one tribe swarming over the face of our planet this might conceivably be a defensible position. The fact that there are thousands of tribes with thousands of traditional codes suggests its essential absurdity.

But despite the forces of reaction the world does change, whether we like it or not. If the conservative force had always been dominant, neither Christianity nor the American Revolution, to mention but two examples, would have flowered.

There are indications that philosophical approaches more appropriate to the realities of human existence are beginning to be influential, although it is too early to be optimistic about this. But here and there signs emerge that individuals are beginning to understand what has always been "known," that societies mature just as do individuals and that, as Wendell Johnson observes in *People in Quandaries,* attempts to deal with the problems of maturity according to the methods appropriate to infancy represent a maladjustment.

The new view, I assert, is the *Liberal* view; the old attitude is the *reactionary.* Why do I say *reactionary* and not *conservative*? Because the true Liberal will recognize that he stands upon the shoulders of the giants who lived before him, that the growth of a society is not a matter of throwing out everything that is old and accepting everything that is new but rather a steady, healthy expansion along the growing edge, accompanied by a corresponding sloughing off of whatever is dead, impractical and irrelevant in terms of present reality.

I consider myself equally the friend of any true Liberal or true conservative. But, while I would hope always to be scrupulously just to the reactionary, I say to him nevertheless that intellectually I am his enemy, just as I am the enemy of the tyrant of Communist or Fascist persuasion.

Air-Tight Logic

In raising the question: do right-wingers have the moral right to boycott the sponsors of non-Communist Liberals (to deny Liberal entertainers, one might say, their "Right-to-Work"), Mr. Buckley admits that the affirmative contention leaves him "terribly, miserably uneasy."

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To make sure that the issue is understood he spells out the argument:

> If our opponent is a politician, our resource is relatively simple: we vote *No* at the polls. But if he is something else, how do we register our dissent? . . .
>
> The reasoning is as follows:
>
> If Steve Allen did not have a national reputation as an entertainer, would he have been given such a high position as he holds in the hierarchy of the Left-Liberal establishment? If Steve Allen delivers a lecture on nuclear disarmament . . . do the people go to hear him because they are curious about the views of a professional student of public affairs? No, they are, most of them, curious to see the great Steve Allen, the entertainer.
>
> But who gave him the reputation as an entertainer? We did, Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin say, and we are therefore partly responsible for the attention that is given him when he shuts his piano, and lectures on nuclear disarmament and amicable coexistence.
>
> Therefore . . . we have only this resource available to us if we would diminish his political influence: we must boycott him as an entertainer.

Referring to this logic, Mr. Buckley in one instance describes it as "pretty tight" and in another uses the phrase "air-tight as it *seems*." (Italics supplied.)

The fact is, the logic contains several fallacies big enough to drive a Greyhound bus (former sponsor) through, and although Mr. Buckley may not have been able to put his finger on them his subconscious apparently suggested that the logic was not *absolutely* tight, which would seem to be the reason why ruminating about the problem left him "terribly, miserably uneasy." As for the fallacies:

1. The first lies in the implication that working to get a Liberal entertainer fired is the moral equivalent of simply voting *No* at the polls or—to put it another way—voting for the opponent or politician of whose views one approves.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is no precise moral equivalent of the political nay-vote in this instance. Something that comes workably close is for the right-wing viewer to refuse to *watch* my television program (which practice, if it became widespread, could lower my rating) or—rather than just turn off the set and go to bed—watch my NBC competitor, Johnny Carson. This—if it became widespread—could raise Johnny's rating as compared to my own and, in the competition for sponsorship, could conceivably work to my disadvantage.

2. To the question, "If Steve Allen did not have a national reputation as an entertainer, would his political views be particularly noteworthy?" Mr. Buckley suggests that the only possible answer is *No*. But this cannot be logically maintained. The answer, obviously, could go either way. After all, I am not *only* an entertainer. I am also the author of eight books and numerous articles and stories. The ninth book, soon forthcoming, is about politics. It might well have been the case, therefore, that even if I had never gotten into radio or television my interest in thinking and writing about political and social questions would have led me to a position of some public influence.

Political students, after all, are not born. Mr. Goldwater, when I knew him in Phoenix several years ago, was just a nice chap who ran a clothing store downtown. And, unlike the esteemed Senator and most of his congressional colleagues, I write all of my own political speeches, books, and articles.

Theory of Justification

3. Who gave me my reputation? " 'We did,' Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin say." If the reader is not careful he may interpret the word *we* in this context as meaning *the public*. In fact, however, Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin do not represent the public. (I believe I remember the Spelvins; friends of Westbrook Pegler's, aren't they?) Mr. and Mrs. Spelvin are conservatives or reactionaries. Let's say *Mrs.* Spelvin is a conservative and *Mr.* Spelvin is a reactionary. As such they represent a small minority of the population of the United States and therefore may by no means arrogate to themselves credit for establishing my reputation as an entertainer.

4. Mr. Buckley's *seemingly* air-tight argument might lead the careless reader to assume incorrectly that the public alone is responsible for my reputation as an entertainer. But this could not possibly be the case. Talent, if I do not unduly flatter myself, is not bestowed by popular acclaim; it is God-given. I have been granted the gifts of being able to make people laugh, to play the piano, to compose music, to act, to write, etc. My reputation, therefore, is merely a matter of public acknowledgement of the existence of these gifts. The public is doing me no favors whatsoever; it is simply buying the products of my creation because it considers them of some value.

5. "Therefore," the argument concludes, "we have only this resource available to us if we would diminish

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his political influence: we must boycott him as an entertainer." The fallacy here lies in Mr. Buckley's use of the word *only*. As I suggested above, right-wingers who wish to diminish my political influence have various alternatives. (According to one point of view, it suddenly occurs to me, they may have no effective alternatives at all since it does seem that each political attack upon me, oddly enough, serves to *increase* rather than diminish my political influence.)

In any event I assert that the entire Spelvin argument is *post-facto* rationalization and will not even occur to the majority of those who attempt to prevent my employment. What motivated the writers of the angry letters ("We will never watch *What's My Line?* again if you persist in hiring such Red subversives as Steve Allen") is—the proverbial six-year-old child could see it—the good, old-fashioned, bitter lust for revenge. But the boycotters could not look themselves in the face if they admitted as much; hence the development of a theory of justification. The psychological process here is so familiar that it would be presumptuous to say more about it.

Lastly, I submit that many high-minded conservatives would not dream of stooping to the tactic.

I am indebted to Mr. Buckley for removing from the hands of the more irresponsible representatives of the Right one alternative weapon for diminishing my influence which may have had some effect. This is the immoral assertion that I am a Communist. For those who might have missed Mr. Buckley's article I quote:

> The fact is: Steve Allen is an anti-Communist. The campaign to brand him otherwise is a part of the national tendency to break the syllogistic sound barrier. . . . I have read just about everything he has written about world affairs, and if there is a pro-Communist sentence in that literature, I'll join the ADA.

This one tool: the lie, the smear which violates the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness Against Thy Neighbor," is too frequently resorted to, as J. Edgar Hoover, among others, has observed.

Blackmail is not a pretty word, nor a pretty thing, and Mr. Buckley is to be congratulated for being honest enough to employ it when he considers the possibility that "every conservative who opposes the view of Steve Allen were to retire him from television by blackmailing his sponsors. . . ."

The American consensus about blackmail has long since been handed in and I believe ought to be duly considered in this context.

I have not space within the confines of this article to defend my views on foreign policy, concerning which Mr. Buckley has expressed misgivings. I will say only that for the most part they are views which —to judge by a dozen Gallup polls— are endorsed by the overwhelming majority of American citizens. This does not establish their validity, but it does suggest that they are not nearly so radical as Mr. Buckley's statements of opinion might have led the reader unfamiliar with my views to assume.

Special Report

Taiwan, the Joyous and Proud

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Taipei

You know before you arrive that Taiwan is a garrison state; that the Chiang government has brought about possibly the most successful and least painful land reform in history; that U.S. Foreign Aid Chief David Bell recently singled out Free China as one of the three nations in which American foreign aid has been used most fruitfully; that Free China has gained ground among the vital overseas Chinese populations in the other nations of the Pacific and Far East, since "the great leap forward" of 1957-58. In the so-called "Battle of the Flags" which takes place in Hong Kong every year when the Communists celebrate the founding of the Peoples Republic of China early in October and the Free Chinese celebrate their Independence Day, the Feast of the Double Ten (tenth day of the tenth month), Free China has gained the ascendancy. Four years ago, the flags were about half and half Communist and Free. Last October, there were several million Free China flags flying to a few thousand for the Reds. This doesn't mean, necessarily, that the millions who flew the Nationalist banner have been won over completely to the Chiang regime; it does mean, though, that the Chinese, who like to back a winner, now believe Free China may win out in the end.

The island itself is beautiful, a mountainous garden where terraced rice paddies creep far up the slopes until finally they meld into the forest. For anyone interested in how China must have looked before the Communists tried to reshape it to their own dreary image, Taiwan is the place to visit. (Hong Kong, the only other alternative, is fast becoming too Westernized.) Sprawling, attractive red brick farmhouses, with jutting rooms and ells tacked on when the sons get married, dot the countryside. The water buffalo is still the most important beast of burden, the pig the most prized farm animal. Bicycles, motorcycles and pedicabs do their level best, at least to Western eyes, to run down all pedestrians, be they old women with babies strapped papoose fashion on their backs, or the myriads of other men, women and children trotting along with everything from buckets of water to overstuffed armchairs balanced on either end of a long bamboo shoulder pole. Everywhere there's movement, and color; yes, and smells, both good and bad. You wonder suddenly in all this hurly-burly where President Chiang has stationed that mammoth army of his. There are no more soldiers on the streets of Taipei than in most cities of its size, no visible signs of the garrison state.

I talked to lots of people in Taipei

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who were connected neither with the government nor with the American military advisory establishment, and who consequently had no axe to grind. They came up with an amazingly rosy picture. The oldtimers (those who have been here ten years or more) claim there were fewer than fifty cars on the island at the time of the exodus. The island had nothing but a backward agricultural economy. And yet in less than 14 years the Free Chinese have managed to house and, with the help of the United States, to feed and provide work for nearly two million refugees. The housing isn't attractive; heaven knows jerrybuilt housing isn't attractive anywhere, east or west. But the people have roofs over their heads, arcaded markets in which to peddle their goods, and clothes to wear. There is poverty to be sure, and lots of it, but no apparent destitution. I saw no beggars.

I asked everyone I could whether they believed there was a good chance Free China could successfully invade the Mainland, and got nothing but honest answers. We just don't know, they would reply; how can we know? How can anyone judge exactly what is going on in people's minds in Communist China? (They were too polite to voice doubts about what goes on in people's minds in Washington.) Most felt that many reports of unrest on the Mainland emanating from the government were optimistic, possibly for propaganda purposes. But all seemed to recognize that the job at hand is to make Taiwan into a self-supporting and economically viable nation. And if they can show, by contrast, how much better they have handled the job than Mao and his colleagues, so much the better, but that is a subsidiary consideration.

Single Goal

An astounding number of the Westerners in Taipei were born in China; the families of some had been in China for two and three generations, and when the Nationalist Government was forced out they followed it to Taiwan as a matter of course, rather than return to England, Germany, France or the States. They talk nostalgically about the old days in Tsingtao or Peking or Shanghai, and try to explain to you how it felt and looked and tasted. (They also tell you proudly that it is only on Taiwan that you can get good Szechuan or Cantonese cooking these days.) But they don't let their nostalgia get in the way of the number one job: putting Taiwan on its feet.

A former Shanghai broker now runs one of the leading hotels on the island. A couple who first opened a garage (a rather foolish venture, given the number of cars in Taiwan at the time) finally melted down the lead in their remaining batteries and started a now flourishing newspaper. A young American pilot who once ordered his crew to dump nearly four million dollars in crisp fresh-minted money out of his crippled plane while flying the Hump, is now vice president of CAT, Gen. Chennault's old airline. The Mainlanders, doctors, lawyers and candlestick makers, have opened restaurants, construction businesses and garages. Many have taken the local artisans in hand and are building up a sizable export trade in native products. The government managed to get out of China shiploads of art treasures: many of these ancient masterpieces are now being copied in modern porcelain and bronzeware, scrolls and silks, and proving highly marketable. (Each month a small portion of these art treasures is displayed in a tiny museum built for that purpose near Taichung in central Taiwan and it is said that there are enough masterworks buried on the island to have a brand-new exhibit every month for the next forty years.)

A Simple Justice

It is regrettable, but it must be reported that corruption has not been entirely wiped out. As of two weeks ago, the mayors of three of the larger cities in Taiwan were either in the pokey or headed that way and a fourth, His Honor, the Mayor of Keelung had just been indicted for adultery along with the lady whom the papers referred to at all times as "his 30-year-old-girlie-restaurant-waitress-paramour." But if, on the one hand, the mayors had been up to no good, on the other, the police must have been working overtime to lower the boom, boom, boom, and boom on them with such precision. Justice, according to the *China Post* (whose honorable ancestor was the garage), seems to operate in a rough and ready fashion on Taiwan. For instance, the *Post,* in reporting on a drunken female aborigine who did a strip dance in front of a Shinto shrine to the approval of several hundred gentlemen of the vicinity, says the police came on the scene only when the woman (presumably still nekked) started to pester a nearby restaurateur for something more to drink. At this point she was booked for causing a disturbance and held overnight. The same kind of simple justice was applied to four youthful Chinese Oliver Twists who were nabbed with their handler while picking pockets just before the Chinese New Year. They would be held in jail, the paper said, until after the New Year and, the *Post* warned, so would any other known pickpockets who were seen loitering around stations, bus stops or movie theaters, whether they had picked a pocket or not. . . .

The feeling you come away with is that here is a purposive multi-racial community which has taken on a gargantuan task and is going about it with energy, dedication and—thank the Lord—laughter, humor and cheer.

Grade-A Posturized

Under no circumstances, however, will we be stampeded into hasty actions which are incompatible with our world-wide political and military posture.

Letter from Sen. Humphrey, concerning Cuba, to the *New York Times*

We'd like to know what Hubert's
planned;
Does posture mean the way we stand?
We stand for principles, we've said.
But what about the bearded Red?

We're "posturing" against Fidel.
We've rung the loud alarum bell—
We must be firm; but must beware
Of being Monroe doctrinaire.

For all our allies, friends and foes,
Neutrals, hostiles, even those
Who tote a diplomatic pouch,
Have seen our posture—is a slouch.

JOHN D. KIRWAN

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The Third World War

Turn of the Kaleidoscope

JAMES BURNHAM

When Charles de Gaulle abruptly vetoed Britain's Common Market membership and simultaneously refused to drop plans for an independent nuclear weapons system, he catalyzed a major crisis in Europe and NATO. It becomes gradually clear that the crisis is much wider than NATO and that de Gaulle's act was only one of a set of triggering events that stretches back to April 1961. It is the world equilibrium, not just the Atlantic community, that has been thrown into critical instability.

Among the more striking of these events that may now be seen to fit with de Gaulle's moves into a single pattern were: the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion (April 1961), confirmed by the U.S. failure to carry through the October 1962 action to a conclusion; the Indian invasion of Goa (Dec. 1961); the emergence of the Sino-Soviet dispute into the open through recall of Soviet diplomats from Albania (also Dec. 1961); Indonesia's conquest of West New Guinea (certified in August 1962) and the start of her campaign for northern Borneo; the Egyptian-backed revolt in Yemen (Sept. 1962), now being followed up in Iraq; Afro-Asian assumption of control of the UN's Congo operation (demonstrated by the rejection of the State Department's moderate proposals in Nov. 1962).

All these spectacular incidents may be understood as attempts to break out of the bipolar power structure within which world politics has revolved since early in the 1950's.

The last period of comparable instability came with the crushing World War II defeat of Germany and Japan. Possessing a monopoly of the new class of weapons, a home base unharmed by the fighting and a war-stimulated economic plant that outproduced the rest of the world combined, the U.S. had the material means to establish a single-pole world order under American leadership—a kind of democratic world empire enforcing a new *pax imperialis,* this time over the entire earth.

The U.S. renounced that glittering goal, and probably the renunciation was ordained. Though equipped with the material means, Americans were too immature in outlook, character and historical experience.

So, after a few years of churning, a precarious structure organized itself around the two primary poles of Moscow and Washington.

This bipolar form still holds, though subject to the rising pressures that we began by noticing. It corresponded to solid realities: to the fact that Russia was able to develop a full-scale nuclear weapons capability; to the rapid postwar recovery of the Soviet economy, making it second in the world; to the considerable measure of strategic self-sufficiency that Russia and the United States both enjoy; to the ideological division that differentiates Communism from all other doctrines.

Loosening Seams

No matter how cemented, centrifugal forces are always at work within every coalition and empire. From the start, many of the new, ex-colonial nations wanted to be "outside the blocs." Because they lacked both an advanced economy and modern weapons, they did not achieve real independence, but they more and more kicked up their heels. Economic recovery in Western Europe and formation of the Common Market meant the appearance of a third major "economic base." French development of an independent nuclear capability proceeded from the assumed equation: *advanced economy + nuclear weapons = world power potential.*

The bolder of the neutralist (*i.e.,* out-for-themselves) leaders are testing an expansion of this equation: *advanced economy + nuclear weapons − political will = decadence.* They have become convinced that neither Washington nor Moscow—certainly not Washington—is going to use its nuclear weapons. Therefore these can be discounted. Fresh leaders—a Nasser, Sukarno, Ben Bella, Nkrumah or Kaunda—can feel free to build empires of their own, relying on their own audacity, their ability to gull the big boys, and the fanaticism rather than the weapons of their followers.

This attitude was fostered by the inability of the U.S. to lead the non-Communist world effectively: the Bay of Pigs affair seemed to many serious observers to complete the proof.

Not only the neutralists but the West Europeans and Communists believed the Bay of Pigs to confirm American decay. As the sequence of dates shows, it was the Bay of Pigs that released Nehru against Goa and Sukarno against New Guinea; that emboldened the Afro-Asians in the UN and spurred their drive for Katanga, Angola, the Rhodesias and South Africa; that convinced de Gaulle he could disregard Washington in going ahead with his own projects.

In this same period, pressures were also rising in the camp of peace. China, too, became convinced that no one (until she got them, perhaps) was going to use nuclear weapons. If so, Peiping could pay less heed to Moscow as well as Washington. Moreover, China was finding that a shared Communist belief did not obliterate the differences between an impoverished, primitive, static economy and a dynamic, advancing economy. Moscow's leadership wasn't putting grain in China's rice bowls.

The bipolar structure is showing strains and cracks along both sides and in the middle. Is this process, which seems to be reaching so critical a phase, going to lead to the irrevocable smashing of the bipolar equilibrium? All things are possible, though the issue between the Communist enterprise and non-Communist society seems so fundamental as to dictate a bipolar form until Communism either wins globally or is defeated. But the political world of five years from now, even if still organized in the bipolar mode, will be very different from the world we have managed to become accustomed to in the past fifteen years.

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CED: Tycoon Trap?

A recent borborygmus in the bowels of the CED leads one observer to distinguish between the prestigious (CED Trustees) and the prestidigitatory (CED staff)

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

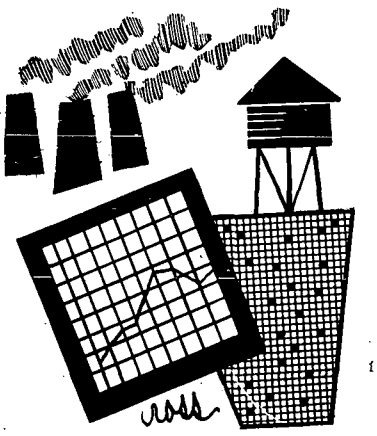
For a long time—indeed, since its founding in 1942—the Committee for Economic Development has been turning out reports, studies, and statements some of which have had little to do with advocacy of the free-enterprise system. And yet the Trustees of CED include almost two hundred of the chairmen and presidents of America's most glittering corporate enterprises. The question has always been this: Do these tycoons really believe what CED is saying, or have they been hoodwinked? Let's look at a recent episode in CED's history.

On January 23, 1959 the Research and Policy Committee of CED passed a resolution calling for an independent study of labor policies. At the May meeting the resolution was confirmed by the full Board of Trustees. After the approval of the Trustees, the CED *staff* selected the members of the "independent study group": Clark Kerr, president of the University of California; David Cole, a lawyer and labor arbiter; professors Douglass Brown and Robert Solow of MIT; professors John Dunlop and William Elliott of Harvard; professor Albert Rees of Chicago; professor Philip Taft of Brown; professor George Taylor of the Wharton School of Commerce.

But most of these gentlemen have a reputation and are busy. It was necessary to outfit them with a staff. So the CED *staff* selected the staff for the study group: professor George Shultz of the Business School of the University of Chicago; Abraham Siegel, associate professor at MIT; and David Burke, "staff associate" at the University of Chicago. As in all such arrangements, the staff did the work and the committee signed it. The members of the study group showed the extent of their gratitude in the introduction to their final report, when they described Messrs. Siegel and Burke particularly as those who "undertook the major portion of the research and writing connected with this study . . . have made themselves in a very genuine sense a part of the Group itself; and their views have carried the same weight and received the same consideration as our own."

In 1960 the fund-raising began for the labor study. An eminent businessman, writing to another eminent businessman for a contribution, said that the study "would represent an independent finding and would not carry the endorsement of the CED or any of its officers."

On December 9, 1961 the study group issued its report, a 158-page booklet entitled *The Public Interest in National Labor Policy*. The CED published the report "for the Study Group" and took over the task of distributing it. Indeed, staff members of the CED have disclosed that the CED sent advance copies to every member of President Kennedy's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy. (Three members of the study group were also members of the President's Advisory Committee: Clark Kerr, David Cole, and George Taylor.) The CED issued the report simultaneously from its New York and Washington offices, along with a news release attracting attention to it. The news release runs to about two thousand words which record rather subtly the CED's favorable opinion. The report, says the CED, makes "important recommendations" and "corrective proposals." The study group was "an independent body with independent financing." The report is available from CED for $2.00, and the news release summarizes eighteen of the group's recommendations.



First-Rate Sales Pitch

By mid-March, 1962, the CED was distributing the report along with a promotional brochure which referred to the study group as "a distinguished group of specialists." And the CED brochure announced that the report suggests "workable public and private policies that will help resolve problems." The ultimate sales pitch of the CED was this: "This study is proving to be an invaluable aid in courses and seminars in labor economics." To support that assertion the CED mentions thirteen colleges presently using the report, five of which are closely associated with the activities of CED in this case.

The amazing thing about the December news release and the March brochure is that the CED makes no attempt to mention the single most important proposal in the labor report.

On pages 151 and 152 the report on National Labor Policy urges that right-to-work laws be abolished by federal statute. In its own words: "Nineteen states have adopted so-called 'right-to-work' laws which further restrict union-employer nego-

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tiations. . . . Because our national labor policy is predicated on the trade union as the exclusive representative of all the members of the bargaining unit and because we feel that the participation of all members of the bargaining unit would improve the quality of such representation, we urge the elimination of the right of states to go beyond the restrictions contained in the federal law."

When the recommendation was publicized the CED defended itself by asserting the total independence of the study group: its members were independent of CED, and the whole thing was independently financed. Both defenses fail.

As to the independence of the study group, it was selected by the CED staff; the study group staff was selected by the CED staff (all this, *after* the CED Trustees had approved of the idea); the CED published and distributed the report; sent it in advance to the President's Advisory Committee, three of whose members had signed the report; issued favorable news releases and brochures to accompany the report; tried to sell it to universities as "an invaluable aid."

As to the independent financing, the study group was financed by 27 companies or their relevant foundations: Crown Zellerbach, Procter and Gamble, Reynolds Metals, B. F. Goodrich, Owens-Illinois Glass, Corning Glass Works, Owens-Corning Fiberglass, Merck, Samuel Bronfman Foundation, General Foods, Inland Steel-Ryerson Foundation, Pittsburgh Plate Glass, Libby-Owens-Ford, U.S. Steel, National Steel, Granite City Steel, Wheeling Steel, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, Marathon Foundation, Armco Foundation, H.J. Heinz, Scott Paper, National Lead. . . .

Small World

Good names all, and supposedly independent of CED. But a little research turns up an interesting coincidence: of the top men in these companies or foundations, twenty-four are trustees or honorary trustees of CED.

It is clear, then, that the names and money and prestige of the nation's top businesses were used by the CED staff to distribute a report calling in effect for compulsory unionism. The question we asked at the start may now be answered: the businessmen who give their names indiscriminately to the activities of the CED staff are giving their proxies to an organization which can do much mischief.

This much can be shown from the sequel to the publication of the report. Five days after it was issued, Reed Larson, Executive Vice President of the National Right To Work Committee, espied the proposal for compulsory unionism buried at the end of an unreadable sentence at the end of the booklet, and called his key men into action. By December 20 Mr. Donald K. David, chairman of CED, was receiving such a flood of mail that he had to use a mimeographed form to acknowledge receipt—and to deny all responsibility. CED, according to Mr. David, had virtually nothing to do with the report.

By January 1962 the CED staff began to feel the heat. Mr. Herbert Stein, director of research for CED, issued a memorandum to explain what CED is all about. "If CED publishes the report of an independent [*sic*] study group," wrote Mr. Stein, "the report represents the views of the members of that group, as in the case of the study of national labor policy." Further, "CED believes that there is a general interest, and a truth independent of class interest." Which is a lace-doily way of saying that businessmen are a distinct class, that they act according to their class ideas, and that these class ideas conflict with the general interest.

By February Mr. Larson surveyed his mail. He had written to every trustee and officer of CED and had had answers from most of them. Only two supported the proposal for compulsory unionism. The great majority privately opposed this notion, but none of them would agree to state his opposition publicly.

By early March the issue was raised to a new level. Mr. J. S. Shaw, president of Shaw-Barton, wrote to Mr. Alfred C. Neal, president of CED: "For CED to sponsor and publish this report, and then to disclaim responsibility for it, is, in my opinion, deceitful and basically dishonest. I am quite convinced that you and the members of your staff are fully aware that the public will consider this report as representing the views of CED and its Board of Trustees. My guess is that this is exactly as intended."

False Representation

By late April, even though CED continued to claim its virginal innocence, there were quiet reports from within that "perhaps" the CED would do another study of labor policy.

On May 16 Mr. Donald K. David, chairman of CED, gave a speech before a testimonial dinner in Washington, in which he defended CED's publication of "independent" reports but also announced the formation of a blue-ribbon committee of businessmen to prepare *another* labor report.

By mid-June, the case was winding up rapidly. Mr. David had been retired from the chairmanship of CED. The well-respected T. V. Houser, former chairman of Sears, Roebuck, was named as CED's new chairman. The CED formally abandoned its habit of publishing "independent" studies. And the new CED committee on labor policy got underway.

An eminent industrialist summed it up: "CED—if I am any judge—is and has been run by its staff. The members supply the staff the money. The trustees in particular—along with other members—supply the staff the extra reputation for the staff's ideas falsely disseminated by CED as those of the nation's top business leaders. Due to the resources made available, this dissemination is very wide and influential. It is directed precisely at injuring the interests of the very ones supplying the money for the effort—as well as progressively impairing the whole free-market, private property, limited government arrangement under which we have been able to have and enjoy freedom."

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Managers Have to Manage

Will the Kennedy solution to threatened nation-wide strikes be price control? If it is, says the author, labor may well be the big loser

C. P. IVES

The main thing to remember about the price-wage-profit crisis in which the Kennedy Administration is now floundering is that on July 5, 1935, the Congress abolished the older power of business management to manage business in the United States. That is the date of the National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act. The express purpose of this act was to give trade unions *equal* bargaining power with management—that is, power to block or veto managerial decisions on wages and working conditions. But though abolishing the older power of management to manage, the Congress didn't assign managerial powers anywhere else. The result has been 27 years of continuous wage inflation powered by union monopoly and pro-union government.

Private management in the United States did retain the power to manage prices. It utilized this power as it had to—to inflate prices at approximately the rate of the wage inflation and as the shortest way to meet the wage demands which the inflation imposed. But the President's brusque intervention in the steel industry looked like formal notice that management is now to be deprived of its older power over prices. An industrial system in which management controls neither wages nor prices is like a case of cerebral palsy. It lacks essential coordination. Yet the American economy is now up against two rival systems in which price-wage coordination is still firm and industrial management still confident. In the friendly but competitive Common Market countries of western Europe and Japan private management retains its old power to manage. In the deadly hostile Communist countries state power to manage, though clumsily and wastefully exerted, is without any limitation at all.

The fact is that since the thirties, the federal Administrations, with one or two exceptions, have been advised by academic economists almost exclusively; and as the late Joseph Schumpeter of Harvard wrote in the *American Economic Review*, "Many of the men who entered the field of [economics] teaching or research in the twenties or thirties had renounced allegiance to the bourgeois [private ownership] scheme of life, the bourgeois scheme of values. Many of them sneered at the profit motive and at the element of personal [especially managerial] performance in the capitalist process . . ." It was natural that such men should draw, consciously or unconsciously, on Lenin's notion that large industrial enterprise is largely automatic, that any clerk of average intelligence could preside over its day-to-day routine. In this view private managers were little more than parasites. To vest trade unions with power to counter and even immobilize such managers was in no sense to impair automatic prosperity and growth.

Where to Begin

With the deepening wage-price-profit crisis of three decades later, the time has plainly come for a re-survey of the economic elementals. To be sure, the government can fiddle about at the edge of the economy with credit policy and tax manipulation. But these measures do not touch the economic elementals—the vital innards where paralysis and organic maladjustment lurk. The President himself has called for a re-survey of the elementals. He has not yet indicated that the obvious place to begin is with a reappraisal of the managerial function.

At root the word management means the same as the word government. To govern is to manage and to manage is to govern. You manage or you govern a horse or a steel mill. In primitive societies now, and in the earlier history of all the Western countries, the government did indeed do the economic as well as the political governing and managing. In feudal times the king owned outright and absolutely (under God) all property—mainly land. He passed down its actual custody and management through a broadening pyramid of earls, barons and lesser nobility and gentry. Naturally this old-fashioned totalitarianism was tough on the common men at the bottom of the heap who didn't have anything at all except life and limb.

The remedy, worked out with much philosophizing and a fair amount of blood and tears over centuries, was a steady breaking-up and distribution among private men of the total property rights once enjoyed by the king alone. Just as the old king could do what he liked with his own, so could the new little kings of private property. That included the power to employ other men at whatever wages and working conditions the property-holders thought best, all things—including wage and price competition in the market—considered.

But why should anybody at all have the power to boss other men around? Why a thousand little kings any more than one big king? This is the heart of the matter, which seems to have eluded the Administration: there must be management because there must be discipline. Work is always more or less burdensome, involving exertion and fatigue. Organization of men and materials is not spontaneous, as Lenin thought: it requires rare and specialized managerial skills.

Once it was easy to see this. It was easy to see that a seventeenth-century locksmith must have authority to tell his journeymen and apprentices what to do. But as manufacture grew more sophisticated elemental relationships between discipline and production

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receded from easy view. When machinery proliferated and steam and then electricity did what human muscle used to do, production came to look more and more automatic. Well, if production really runs itself, why management? Enter Lenin and his clerk. And in the milder versions of the anti-management syndrome, here also enters the modern trade union power to veto management at will. More and more the union veto takes the form of the strike, and in nationally unionized industries, the nationwide paralysis strike. But the Kennedy Administration no more than its predecessors can tolerate these national paralysis strikes. Paralysis strikes in transport, in steel, are perilous enough. Paralysis strikes in the missile and space industries could jeopardize the physical survival of the nation itself.

The remedy to which the earlier Administrations have been forced again and again is the seizure of strike-bound industries and the return of the workingmen to work under any one of various forms of compulsion. Having destroyed the delicate private property mechanisms by which managerial discipline had been house-broken to freedom, the government men recaptured the function of economic discipline for themselves by reverting in a single lunge 500 years to the omni-managing kings of feudalism.

This route the Kennedy Administration has so far managed to avoid. The President has stated frequently that he wants no part of the job of fixing wages and prices in any general pattern of government take-over. With this view the unions themselves are now more sympathetic. In the beginning cheerful about their chances with friendly Administrations, they have gradually noted in successive seizures an unforeseen and ominous thing: the government does not displace the private managers when it seizes struck industries. It simply runs the Stars and Stripes up over the seized plants and commands workingmen more or less peremptorily to get back to their work, and no strike nonsense.

The brutal fact, now emerging again, is that managers are essential in any industrial system, free or slave, developed or undeveloped—but trade unions are not. The nature of management, after all, is to reduce costs and expand production, while that of unions is to increase costs at the risk of reducing production. It is not accidental that none of the mature industrial states had strong unions in the time of their development. They did have exceedingly tough and often very efficient managers—from the Scrooges of the early Industrial Revolution in England to the robber barons who industrialized the United States and the totalitarian commissars who have built contemporary Sovietia. They had to have tough managers to enforce the rigorous discipline on which development depends—to keep wages, which is to say consumption, down and to push profits up because profits breed the investment of which development consists. Modern trade unionism is a hothouse growth, characteristic of a single type of industrialism in the easy years of its maturity and affluence—when, indeed, there may be economic virtue in combinations of workingmen which force purchasing power more broadly over the consuming public. But there have been only a handful of such economies in all recorded history. And just as these economies could not have industrialized had unions vetoed management in the time of their development, so even in the years of their strength they waver when unions veto management. The moral of a factual, one might even say a morphological, rethinking of the economic elementals seems clear enough: industry is less like Lenin's perpetual-motion machine and more like an army exercise. Firm management is as essential as firm generalship. True, there must be limits on the manager's power over the workingman, just as the military code prescribes to the generals in their command of personnel. The managerial limitations, moreover, are civilian, involving precious liberties, and so are rightly much broader and more restrictive: wage and hour laws, safety, health and sanitation regulations, workmen's compensation statutes, social security and appropriately qualified recognition of trade unions.

But within the scope of the limiting industrial laws, management must be free to manage, which means to control wages, to set prices and to command profits large enough to maintain and expand the productive plant. The peripheral manipulation of credit and tax policy is all well enough, but its aim is to influence management, and it must fail if management is denied the power to manage. Not until the President, his Labor Secretary and his New Frontier economists think their way back to these economic elementals, will the country begin to find its way out of the wage-price-profit crisis which now threatens all we have and can hope for.

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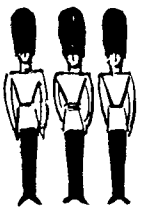
Letter from London

Whatever Became of SuperMac?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE



Once upon a time Vicky, the cartoonist of the *London Evening Standard,* drew a famous picture of Mr. Macmillan as "SuperMac," soaring joyfully heavenwards. Vicky afterwards admitted that he meant it to satirize the Tory Party's adulation of the Prime Minister, but that the point had boomeranged; for to many people, certainly to many Tories, SuperMac was real. How long ago that seems.

SuperMac is nose-diving towards the ground; by-elections flick past like clouds, the General Election is rushing up to meet him. Can he still pull out of the dive? Is there time? Will he roar upwards at the last minute? Sensitive Conservative ladies hold their breath. His friends hide their eyes. His enemies are gleeful in their bloodthirsty expectations. For anyone sufficiently detached to enjoy the spectacle it is all very exciting.

Britain has been suffering from relatively severe regional unemployment, mostly in the north and northeast. But wage claims and strikes continue, and the value of money still declines at a steady rate. What became evident in America a few years ago is now manifest here; that the trade unions operate as a ratchet in the economic system, making it possible to have a slump and inflation simultaneously.

Changes in the pattern of British industry were inevitable. Traditional industries, on which certain parts of the country depend, are decaying: men are unemployed. The normal consequence would be for labor in those areas to become cheap. Other industries would move in to take advantage of lower labor costs, and the areas would become prosperous again.

But this is exactly what the unions will not allow to happen. Wage rates are much the same in high unemployment areas as they are in southern England, where there is a shortage of labor. When Mr. Frank Cousins, head of the Transport and General Workers Union, was accused the other day of actually impeding firms which wanted to move north, he said these firms were only looking for cheap labor "and we couldn't have that." Rather men on the dole?

The unions blame the Government, of course; what they want, as far as I can make out, is for the Prime Minister to wave a dictatorial wand and compel the capitalists to build new factories in the north. The Government, which leans over backwards to avoid blaming the unions for anything, says industry is suffering from uncertainty about Euromart.

Opposition to Britain's entry has grown, not primarily on economic grounds but for reasons of national pride. "If the so-and-so's don't want us," people say, "why should we beg?" Or, still more bitterly, "Why should we let Kennedy push us into Europe?"

British national pride is in a delicate condition at the moment. Mr. Dean Acheson's remarks at West Point provoked a quite disproportionate burst of anti-Americanism. I suppose it was the prick of truth which stung, particularly among Tories who see Britain's empire not lost as a matter of historical inevitability but thrown away by its own leaders. Colonel Nasser now speaks of Britain with open contempt; but his contempt is mild compared with the anger felt by British people in Rhodesia, who regard themselves as having been betrayed by Whitehall. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, who has just arrived in Kenya to be the new (and last) governor, is a notorious giver-away of empire. A stream of white refugees heads daily for South Africa: others cannot escape because their farms have become worthless. Tory backbenchers have a sore conscience about these things.

Into this mood of frustration and hurt vanity the abandonment of Skybolt fell like a bomb: a dirty nuclear bomb; a bomb with an alarming yield of anti-Americanism. A case can be made out for the superiority of Polaris over Skybolt; but to pretend that Britain has no cause to feel hurt, or that the British Government's policy of nuclear independence remains undamaged, is disingenuous. Mr. Macmillan, as usual, put a confident face on it, but everyone believes he came back from Nassau defeated; and his failure can hardly be dismissed, in his celebrated phrase, as "a little local difficulty." Some, at least, of the American press seemed comfortingly sympathetic, but Englishmen do not read the American press. They heard only the sound of crowing from Washington.

The Nassau agreement may have been statesmanlike, but it was not, for Mr. Macmillan, glorious. His SuperMac costume looks all the more tattered by comparison with something like a genuine Superman next door. General de Gaulle's policy may not, by fashionable standards, be very statesmanlike, but *"la gloire"* is a term he never hesitates to use. He stands aloof from the United Nations. The franc is once more a strong currency. The squabbling, compromising, time-serving politicians have been routed. This year France will have nuclear weapons of her own. Complaints and expostulations from Washington fall on deaf ears; the General will not be deflected.

There is, however, another contrast to be drawn. Mr. Macmillan's strongest advantage lies in a comparison with the Labor Party. The Socialists howled with alarm at the prospect of losing a small degree of economic sovereignty to the Common Market, but they are positively eager to subject Britain's foreign and colonial policy to the Afro-Asian masters of the UN. The Socialists jeered at the Nassau agreement, but then they do not believe in an independent deterrent at all. And the Liberals quite agree with them.

The odds certainly favor a Socialist victory at the next election, but election time is not here yet. SuperMac may still work the miracle and zoom upwards again. If he does, what a splendid gnashing of teeth will be seen in the Socialist ranks, what an abortion of chickens counted before they were hatched.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Party Struggle in Italy

Rome

Amintore Fanfani's leftward-sliding Government is viewed with more alarm by responsible elements in Italy than any which has held office since the end of the war. And more and more Italians blame American policy for the ominously growing power of the fellow-traveling Nenni Socialists and the Communists. Though nominally a Christian Democratic government allied with the Nenni Socialists, the present regime yields steadily to the demands of the Left. The electrical utilities have been nationalized; the cement industry is supposed to be next, despite previous Christian Democratic promises that confiscation of private enterprise would stop short with electricity; and enthusiasts for state ownership now talk about nationalizing the processing and distribution of certain foods.

Kirk

Support from the Vatican

Perhaps the most dismaying aspect of this drift is the apparent support of the Vatican for socialistic legislation—even though socialism has been repeatedly condemned in the Social Encyclicals of the last century and this. Here Italian conservatives see at work the fine hand of Monsignor Capovilla, secretary to the venerable Pope, who has supplanted the anti-collectivist members of the Curia in influence over John XXIII—a pontiff who is himself substantially non-political.

What causes the dominant faction of the Christian Democrats, and the circle at present governing the Vatican, to seek an "opening to the Left"? It is improbable that they are so naive as to put their trust in Nenni, who, hungry for power ever since the defeat of Fascism, refuses to break with the Communists.

Surely a major factor in this tendency to conciliate and cajole the Marxists is the belief, now general in Italy, that the Government of the United States actually desires the "opening to the Left," and will not wholeheartedly support resistance to collectivism. The feebleness of the Kennedy Administration's attitude toward Cuba and Laos, the cordiality of American representatives in Italy toward "progressives," and most recently the astounding blow against the West delivered by the United States in Katanga, persuade Italian opinion that to oppose the Left may be to join the losing side. More and more rich Italian men of business are covert or open contributors to Communist Party funds.

Then, too, the Fanfani Government turns toward "nationalization," and other devices for increasing the influence of government, as a means of retaining power. Plums in state industry are distributed to party faithful; and deviationists may be punished by discharge from state employment. In addition, the present regime takes every advantage of the propaganda available to government-owned TV and radio.

Against the coalition of Christian Democrats and Nenni Socialists—who are reinforced most of the time by the Social Democrats and the handful of Republicans, and sometimes by the Communists—the parties of the Right at present can muster only some eighty votes (out of a total of more than five hundred seats) in the Chamber of Deputies. This maximum of eighty votes is divided, in almost equal parts, among the Liberals, the Monarchists (split into two factions), and the Italian Social Movement (called by the Italian Socialists and by foreign journalists the "neo-Fascists"*). But these three or four parties are without coordination, and in various matters are at sword-point among themselves.

Should the Fanfani Government become avowedly a regime of the Left, thus provoking a crisis, about one-third of the Christian Democrats probably would league themselves with the parties of the Right. These parties of the Right, however, are prevented from effective collaboration both by ancient grudges against one another, and by the system of proportional representation—which in Italy, as in France and elsewhere in Europe, encourages splinter factions and destroys any close relationship between a parliamentary representative and his constituency.

Above the Quarrel

For the preservation of order and justice and freedom in Italy, a lengthy and careful intellectual effort is required, gradually elevating the various factions above the quarrels of yesteryear, and presenting an imaginative alternative to collectivism. With such a purpose, young men of various parties have founded the Centro di Vita Italiana, with headquarters in Rome. This Center is only indirectly political: its work is in the fields of the arts, the drama, humane letters and social theory, and its aim is the restoration of the traditions of Italian civilization, as opposed to Marxist dogma and propaganda. Nothing so intelligent has been attempted in these United States. Though the Center is handicapped by lack of adequate funds, it publishes some serious books and several magazines; and it has begun to hold annual international conferences.

If some resolution is introduced into flaccid American foreign policy, and if the young and imaginative conservatives of Italy can find backing, Rome may remain the center of our Western civilization. If not, the appeasing faction in the Vatican may find itself isolated perilously in a land dominated by fanatics who never really can be appeased.

*It is not much more accurate to call the MSI "neo-Fascist" than it would have been to have called the American Republicans, after 1865, "neo-Whigs." Though many of the Social Movement adherents once were Fascist supporters, the new party has abandoned imperialism, paramilitary organization, and even the concept of the corporate state; it is now principally a party of tradition and patriotism.

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Battle Saga in the Great Tradition

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

"The first quality of an historian," wrote David Hume some two centuries ago, "is to be true and impartial; the next, to be interesting." The author of this book demonstrates his possession of both qualities. He has achieved accuracy through diligent research, and illumines the result by his clear and impartial vision. He has woven his factual material into a battle saga which rises above mere narrative to achieve the status of veritable drama, because it meets the indispensable dramatic requirement of being peopled with living characters with whom the reader can identify himself.

Mr. Horne has given us a tragedy in the great tradition, marching inexorably to a foreknown, fore-ordained end, yet stirring the emotions anew by each unfolding horror, each incident of self-sacrifice or folly, of devotion or of failure. Intrinsically, it is the story of the battle of Verdun: the titanic ten-month battle of 1916 from which neither France nor Germany ever fully recovered during the remainder of World War I; from which the French Army—in the author's view—has not recovered even yet. "It was," he tells us bitterly, "the indecisive battle in an indecisive war; the unnecessary battle in an unnecessary war; the battle that had no victors in a war that had no victors." Yet it was also the battle in which more than 700,000 men, perhaps as many as 800,000—"the accounting in human lives was never meticulous in that war"—were killed, wounded or gassed.

This reviewer, who was an infantry officer in that long-ago war, though not at Verdun, has never read a more realistic presentation of the conditions under which men fought, lived and endured through the years of stalemated warfare on the Western Front. The realism derives from the author's skill in presenting his tale by bringing his characters to life upon his pages, so that the reader sees through their eyes, hears with their ears, smells the frightful stenches of the battlefield through their noses, shares their hopes, their fears, their sufferings. Mr. Horne does not confine this artistry to his battle scenes —he extends it to the generals and the statesmen who presided over the battle, so that the reader is constantly aware of accomplishment and shortcomings at the various echelons of superior command.

The Price of Glory: Verdun, 1916, by Alistair Horne. St. Martin's Press, $5.95

INDEED, if the book has a personal villain, it is Field Marshal Erich von Falkenhayn, who succeeded the younger Moltke as Chief of the German General Staff in November 1914 after the German defeat on the Marne. This ruthless yet oddly indecisive figure, "whose intentions and personality still remain today obscured by an astonishing degree of mystery," stays largely offstage—but he it was who devised the appalling plan which set in motion the tragedy of Verdun. His purpose was to select an objective which the pride and honor of France could not allow to be taken, to attack that objective persistently on narrow frontages but using to the full the then overwhelming German advantage in heavy artillery, and thus gradually draw into the battle the reserves of the French Army and bleed that army to death. He chose Verdun because it was in a salient surrounded on three sides by German-held territory, and because it was one of the most famous and cherished of the French frontier fortresses.

As a secondary and background villain—who makes no personal appearance at all—there is Colonel de Grandmaison of the French Army, the high priest of the attack-at-all-costs doctrine which was the curse of the French infantry, and of its corollary, that ground must never be yielded to the enemy, or if lost, must at all costs be recovered by an immediate counterattack. This doctrine was the law and the prophets at French General Headquarters; in application, it came near bringing France to ruin in 1914, it produced no more than sterile and bloody stalemate during 1915, and in 1916 it was still being relentlessly applied throughout the long agony of Verdun.

Yet it was being questioned, too, —and the principal skeptic is in some sense Mr. Horne's hero: General (later Marshal) Henri Philippe Pétain, who believed that "one does not fight *matériel* with men" and had some notion of the value of defensive firepower on occasion. He had also the quality of being able to inspire the devotion of his troops because they instinctively recognized that he would not expend their lives uselessly. Against the Grandmaison *mystique* of *l'attaque à outrance*, Pétain developed his opposing *mystique*, "firepower kills." It was the tragedy of Pétain and the tragedy of France that this defensive *mystique*, by 1939, had taken as unshakable possession of French military doctrine as had Grandmaison's contrary idea in 1914 —with even more swiftly disastrous results.

The book is well worth the reading for its dramatic values alone, or as a tribute to human endurance and soldierly courage. But it is also a work of military history of the first order, with its lesson writ large: the fatal consequences in war of a single rigid inflexible concept to which all else is subordinated. This is a lesson which Americans today, facing an

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uncertain future with final responsibility for the survival of human liberties, dependent as much on the rationality of their strategy as on the qualities of their military hardware, should never be beguiled into forgetting.

The book has a few minor faults—a fondness for British military terminology which will not always be clear to American readers, and an occasional lapse into rather sweeping judgments. For one example, this reviewer cannot agree that World War I had no victors in the military sense. The military decision, though over-costly, was clear-cut. It was not the fault of the soldiers that the politicians on both sides of the Atlantic did not know how to garner the fruits of victory. On the other hand, it is a real pleasure to find a book of this type with adequate maps which show all the places noted in the text; also, the detailed plans and descriptions of Forts Douaumont and Vaux are unusually well done and helpful.

Fiction

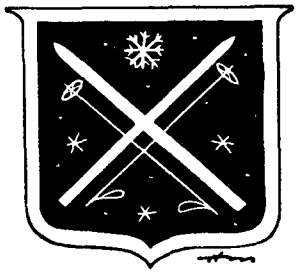
Three Miscellanies

GUY DAVENPORT

THESE THREE BOOKS are miscellanies, short stories for the most part, plays, essays, a reminiscence. From James Purdy, making his fourth book, ten stories and two plays; from John O'Hara, twenty-three stories; from the late Sicilian Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa, author of *The Leopard,* part of an autobiography, a story, and a sketch thought to be the beginning of a second novel. All contain brilliant examples of the short story, the healthiest and most versatile of modern prose forms; only Mr. O'Hara's collection is of an even goodness. But all are good reading.

The substance of grief in John O'Hara's stories is time. In "The Father," an assistant foreman and head mechanic at the Clinton Motor Company, Trenton, N. J., weeps for his daughter's future, "the years ahead." His wife, an old newspaper photograph reminds him, had been a bobby-soxer wowed by Sinatra; his daughter is under the spell of some analogous idol. For a cruel moment, beer can in hand, leaning on the refrigerator, he sees what time is, and how, unawares, it implicates human life in its nature. This theme is a commonplace of literature, but trickily inaccessible (only poets and sophomores think about the mottoes on sundials), and one age's grasp of it is inapplicable to another's. The artist interpreting for the living must show them that the real impact of their banalities, and mortality, is in the kitchen.

From battledored vulgarities in a bar, from clever banter in a faculty common room, from small-town dinner parties Mr. O'Hara can force disclosures as chilling as they are unexpected. He shows us the American propelled by money, sex, and a pitiful half-sense of respectability, caught short by the very limitations of human nature which our culture assures us we don't have. In one of these stories, we follow the career of a reporter who has chronicled an entire generation of a Pennsylvania town until he meets up with the one story he cannot print —not because he lacks the courage, but because he has reached the snapping-point in his moral fibre.



The moral texture of Mr. O'Hara's characters is a worn fabric, and what he is interested to badger, like a skilled policeman or determined inquisitor, is the furtive gestures of shame hiding the weak seam, the tear. With masculine abruptness which will neither be hurried out of impatience nor dally in self-fascination at his own skill, he worries the story to its conclusion. The process of disclosure is a just balance of solicitude and detachment; the effect is always kindly grief rather than indignation.

JAMES PURDY'S control of his material is not the calm rendering of Mr. O'Hara but a consciously poetic expressionism somewhere between surrealism and the current art of the absurd. He focuses upon dim and excitable mentalities, the adolescent or hysterically frustrated mind, finding in the quotidian and the provincial a vivid poetry of nullity and alarm. His two plays, *Children Is All* and *Cracks,* are top-heavy in their symbolism. He is best when he is closest to Salinger, indicating classical human maladies within trivial encounters. This is good writing and derives from discipline and understanding, but nowhere in this collection has Mr. Purdy found a theme worthy of his technique.

WHEN, two years ago, *The Leopard* was published, Giuseppe di Lampedusa was recognized as a great novelist, a master somewhere between Flaubert and Stendhal, artistically discrete from both but vibrating with their unmistakable harmonies. Here was an art so economical of words that every sentence had been tested for its relevance, every phrase in the double employ of irony and plot. *The Leopard* is cast as a Sicilian family history from the sixties of the Risorgimento to the cataclysmic year 1910, but in its deep implications is the historical suspicion that the red-shirted Garibaldini were already deteriorating into black-shirted Fascisti, that authoritarian tyranny is the full growth of all socialism.

In his preface to this posthumous collection of the Count of Lampedusa's papers, Archibald Colquhon, translator of *The Leopard,* shows the close parallel between the real and fictional families and writes, in a loving parody of Lampedusa's carved, brilliantly imagistic style, an account

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The Cape Cod Lighter, by John O'Hara. Random, $5.95

Children Is All, by James Purdy. New Directions, $4.25

Two Stories and a Memory, by Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Translated from the Italian and with a Note by Archibald Colquhon. Pantheon, $3.95

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of this newly discovered author who published nothing in his lifetime. Here we see an aristocrat who studied for his own pleasure the craft of Defoe, Richardson, Flaubert, Dickens, Zola; who had read the classics all his life as a matter of course, and who wrote with great humility and care, incapable of conceiving of any relationship to his work except that of mastery.

So much of Lampedusa's mind is embedded in the translator's introduction that one ought to say, without paradox, that Mr. Colquhon's contribution is the finest thing in the book. The showpiece, however, is the story "The Professor and the Mermaid," an exercise in a favorite romantic motif, an allegorical encounter with supernatural beauty. An aging Sicilian senator recounts to a young man his affair at nineteen with an authentic mermaid. Before we learn this, we are allowed to see on his shelves "the plays of Tirso de Molina, La Motte-Fouqué's *Undine,* Giradoux's play of the same name and . . . the works of H. G. Wells," that is, the literature of the subject (he misses John Heydon and E. M. Forster), establishing the level of allegory.

The story is a miniature *Leopard,* exploring the interplay of a pragmatic world without a past and a shrinking minority of men who have access to one. To a world that bombed the castles and churches of Palermo in order to save civilization and imagines a TV set watched for seventeen hours by one member or another of a family as a norm of life, a man with a knowledge of the world's past must indeed seem like a lunatic Greek professor who says he's embraced a mermaid, long ago, but with unforgettable delight.

"Jehovah"

SIR SHANE LESLIE

A GREAT OR EXCITING modern biography demands a disastrous or scandalous spicing for success. "John Anderson my jo, John" lived in disastrous times but never allowed the approach of scandal to himself any more than the Deity after whom he drew his famous nickname in the British civil service. He was the greatest product of that service.

John Anderson, Viscount Waverley, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. St. Martin's Press, $10.00

America has a parallel set of services but does not produce the John Anderson type in spite of all the auld Presbyterian blood and pawky Scots humor derived from the myriads of Scottish Americans. By sheer hard work under the examination system (not by senator's testimonial or any by-pass), he reached the highest and most unlikely positions. Neither his rivals nor his superiors could check the schoolboy who became their head and at other times Governor of Bengal, or Chancellor of the Exchequer. Superiors had one excellent complaint—"The trouble was that he was so damned often right."

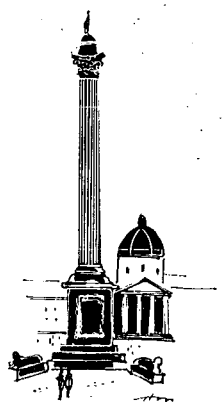
He had studied right and left: chemistry, Anglo-Saxon, uranium and economics, which, as he said, "enabled him to know when the economists were talking nonsense," as invariably they do. Peaceful times would have given his abilities range in Whitehall and he need never have been heard of; but the Empire was falling and, when politicians become notoriously useless, civil servants are sent into the breach. Anderson went to Dublin, engulfed in murder and sedition, and to Bengal to sample different tints of the same. He escaped assassination with a grim nod to Providence. He was recalled to organize the national defense against the Blitz and millions were sheltered under shelters dedicated to his name: "John Anderson my jo, John, it's thanks to thee that we live on."

It was a typical civil servant's job, which he carried out as relentlessly as he once faced the hydra of syphilis in the army in the First War. After delivering three war budgets, he ended by taking over the atomic bomb. As he died, the Queen gave him the Order of Merit, that Order whose name affords a deadly satire on all other decorations of the kind.

Though passing from Scotch poverty to life in London suburbs, he failed not of a glamorous career, thanks to industry and memory, both on the gargantuan side. He was formidable and unquenchable. To Winston he dared say during the General Strike, "I would beg the Chancellor of the Exchequer to stop talking nonsense." Winston knew enough to make him No. 1 in his cabinet. While Winston ran the war, he left Anderson as his "Home Front Prime Minister"—and his successor, had he failed to return from any of his sorties. After the war Anderson was passed to any job demanding efficiency without genius. He rallied Grand Opera and ran the Port of London.

HIS life is worth reading as so different from any conceivable career in Washington. As he passed upward, his gleaming robes changed from Knight Commander of the Bath to the Star of the Indian Empire and finally to the brocaded train of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. He denied he was ever a Conservative but he concluded a speech to the Labor Government—"For mercy's sake, stop fooling the people," which is his best message to all democracies.

Before he had passed thirty, it was remarked that he could equally fulfill his career as Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Chancellor, by heading either Church or Law. His character was grim and granite but not without a humane kind of humor. He would not have fitted easily into American service, but had Lincoln sent him to propitiate and reorganize the South after the Civil War—perhaps only this pawky Scotsman could have done it, for he was used to desperate days and impossible situations.



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Don't See Blood, Flesh or Fire!

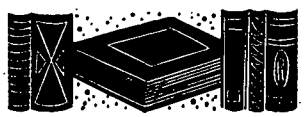
JAMES W. WIGGINS

"AN EXTROVERTED HERMIT, both morose and happy, an unemployable who thrives in the corporate setting, an average pedestrian soul who stands head and ego above the crowd in a spectacularly adjusted but highly neurotic way," Martin L. Gross, has turned on the brain watchers. He writes fluently, with a light style which may be misleading, but his book is soundly based; he has created no straw men.

The Brain Watchers, by Martin L. Gross. Random, $4.95

In this more than $50,000,000-a-year business, the brain watcher shows many profiles. He may be an industrial psychologist, a university professor of psychology, a management consultant, or merely an entrepreneur who has qualified to watch by paying a month's rent on an impressive suite of offices. Gross estimates that more than 10,000,000 Americans—including the millions in the military and the schools—have had their psyches searched, and one firm alone expects its lay analysts to test 300,000 workers and executives in the current year. This is not a surreptitious activity. Contributing to this phenomenal operation are such firms as Lever Brothers, Westinghouse, Sears Roebuck, Pan American World Airways, Benton and Bowles, and Republic Steel. Everything from soap to nuts.

The Type I watcher assumes that human personality is composed of traits which show up when the job applicant or aspiring executive places black marks between parallel lines.



One popular test, "The Personality Inventory," developed by Robert G. Bernreuter, Ph.D., slices personality into neurotic tendency, self-sufficiency, introversion-extroversion, dominance-submission, self-confidence and sociability. Other tests may identify as many as thirty-three traits, which must somehow be blended into a "man." There are many disqualifying traits, but the one viewed with universal disdain is neuroticism. The neurotic is simply anyone who scores at or above the seventy-fifth percentile on any neurotic scale.

In the search for the "Square American," the Washburne S-A Inventory asks: *About how many people have you disliked (or hated) very much?—(a) none (b) 1 to 3 (c) 4 to 10 (d) 11 to 50 (e) over 50.* The problem, of course, is to guess which answer is square. But it is not so simple. Many of the tests include "lie scales," using "ever-never" questions to trip the unwary faker: "Did you ever tell a lie?"

Type II watchers do not claim to reconstruct Humpty Dumpty from his traits. They match prejudices. The

Random Notes

• MOVIES: Sir Alec Guinness, currently before the cameras as Marcus Aurelius in *The Fall of the Roman Empire*, complains in *Variety* that the film-making mind is mad and of a madness. He wants a producer to undertake Graham Greene's *The Living Room*, in which he proposes to star, but the project goes begging because it would cost very little, take no trouble to film, and would have only an excellent script and good acting to recommend it. . . . *Cleopatra* is still being shot, but at last a date for its premiere has been set (June 12th, presumably 1963), and Twentieth Century-Fox has let out that 218 people ask daily at the Rivoli in New York when they can see it, and 265 people call up on the phone. . . . The Landau Company (*Long Day's Journey into Night*) will film Giradoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot* this summer and *Leonardo da Vinci* this fall. . . . In London, Harold Pinter, England's master of the absurd (*The Caretaker*) has his first film script in production, *The Servant*, based on a story by Robin Maugham. . . . *My Fair Lady* goes on celluloid this summer, starring Audrey Hepburn and Rex Harrison. Warner Bros. paid $5,500,000 for the rights.

• INCIDENTAL: Castro is reported redistributing American records in Denmark, Sweden and Holland, without so much as a by-your-leave as to copyrights. His labels read *Cubartimpex de Habana*, but the music was made by warbling and strumming capitalists.

• SENATUS POPULUSQUE: Congress is sitting down with the Muse again and hopes to come up with another authorized version of the National Anthem. The vote will be whether "&" should be "and" and whether "the power that has, etc." is more legal and beautiful than "the Power that has, etc." . . . And Rep. Fred Schwengel, of Iowa, wants Congress to award medals to artists, school teachers, play actors, she-poets, and the like. Pshaw!

• BOOKS: Springtime will see one of the biggest crops of books ever. Here are some titles you might want to jot down. . . . From Beacon, a long overdue resurrection, *The Struggles of Petroleum V. Nasby*, with, of course, the blurb by A. Lincoln. . . . Putnam publishes in April a new Nabokov novel, *The Gift*. . . . Horizon promises in mid-spring Cecily Macworth's *Guillaume Apollinaire and the Cubist Life*, photographs and paintings. . . . Indiana University Press offers in April *E. P. to L. U.*, the letters of Ezra Pound to Louis Untermeyer. . . . And New Directions has made a paperback of *The Translations of Ezra Pound*, edited by Hugh Kenner. . . . Oxford Press offers two Harvard luminaries for April, Harry Levin's long-awaited *The Gates of Horn: A Study of Five French Realists* and Reuben Brower's *The Poetry of Robert Frost*.

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Strong Vocational Interest Blank, developed by Stanford University psychologist E. K. Strong Jr., includes 400 questions about specific "likes" and "dislikes." This test, and others of the genre, approves a man for a profession if he likes about the same activities as successful practitioners. Here again, for a business career, you must make the "square" choices. The cultured man is distrusted—and turned away. But these prejudices can be faked, a problem which is "solved" by the clinical testers.

In Type III we find the clinical tester, as Gross says, "fresh out of the mental hospital." For two or three times the pay, he uses tests designed for paranoiacs and schizophrenics on unsuspecting corporate employees. Inkblots, free-association techniques, uncaptioned cartoons and nude drawings are used to select brassière salesmen or public relations help for Borden's. While many professional psychologists question all such "projective" devices, the users have a cultish regard for their validity. Gross recommends that when looking at inkblots the testee avoid seeing blood, flesh, or fire—they are all neurotic visions.

TYPE IV is a remarkable combination of Type I and Type III. The greatest tool for this type is the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. Five hundred sixty-six questions probe areas once thought too embarrassing for the corporate scene. Unfortunately, as the test manual cautions, *most subjects having deviant profiles are operating within the normal range.*

A recent innovation is the analysis of the university personality, supported by the College Board. More than 100 colleges have been personality-tested with their College Characteristics Index. This is designed to allow matching the student's personality to that of the college. Unfortunately, a Fordham University study found that the tests used would have excluded 52 per cent of Fordham's best students.

Gross' final chapter vigorously questions the morality of this dependence on "nonscience." Without the market produced by the abdication of responsibility by employers, and by job-seekers, this book could not have been written. The testers can sell only to buyers.

Who Will Win?

The National Book Awards are presented annually for the most distinguished books of fiction, of non-fiction, and of poetry written by American citizens and published in the U.S. in the preceding year. From the hundreds of eligible books published last year, judges for the 1963 National Book Awards have narrowed their field of choice to the following leading contenders:

FICTION

PALE FIRE *by Vladimir Nabokov* Putnam's
SHIP OF FOOLS *by Katherine Anne Porter* Atlantic-LB
THE GOLDEN SPUR *by Dawn Powell* Viking
MORTE D'URBAN *by J. F. Powers* Doubleday
GOING AWAY *by Clancy Sigal* Houghton Mifflin
PIGEON FEATHERS *by John Updike* Knopf

Judges: Elizabeth Hardwick, Harry Levin, Gore Vidal

NON-FICTION

SILENT SPRING *by Rachel Carson* Houghton Mifflin
HENRY JAMES Vols. 2 and 3 *by Leon Edel* Lippincott
O'NEILL *by Arthur and Barbara Gelb* Harper & Row
CONTEMPORARIES *by Alfred Kazin* Little, Brown
THE ROTHSCHILDS *by Frederic Morton* Atheneum
CHEKHOV *by Ernest J. Simmons* Atlantic-LB
JOHN ADAMS Vols. 1 and 2 *by Page Smith* Doubleday
THE GUNS OF AUGUST *by Barbara Tuchman* Macmillan
PATRIOTIC GORE *by Edmund Wilson* Oxford

Judges: William L. Laurence, Walter Lord, Harry T. Moore

POETRY

FOR LOVE *by Robert Creeley* Scribner's
THE DRAWBRIDGE *by Donald F. Drummond* Alan Swallow
IN THE CLEARING *by Robert Frost* Holt
THANK YOU AND OTHER POEMS *by Kenneth Koch* Grove
THE NEXT ROOM OF THE DREAM *by Howard Nemerov* Chicago
ALL MY PRETTY ONES *by Anne Sexton* Houghton Mifflin
COLLECTED POEMS *by Winfield Townley Scott* Macmillan
TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARK *by William Stafford* Harper & Row
PICTURES FROM BRUEGHEL *by William Carlos Williams* New Directions

Judges: Rolfe Humphries, Henry Rago, Reed Whittemore

Prizes, of $1000 to each winner, are donated by the sponsors, the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute. The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association.

Who will win in '63?
Watch for the announcement of the winners—
Tuesday, March 12th

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Henry James as Minor Novelist

ARVID SHULENBERGER

HENRY JAMES endeavored always (as Mark Twain did not) "to cultivate the cultivated," and all of his writings are touched with preciosity. This very fact, however, has led the bookish "cultivated" to defend him at length against the larger claims of better men—of Dickens, Trollope, Balzac, Lawrence, Ibsen, Shaw. Both as novelist and critic, James is a brilliant minor figure. As an author of limited view and range, neither his delicate style nor his extraordinary verbosity can qualify him as "major." Mr. Edel's continuing biography, like its subject, is verbose; it is also useful, readable, painstaking, and sympathetic.

James lived and died within that nineteenth-century institution called "Culture"—a kind of church inhabited chiefly by the deracinated genteel, in the service of "fine art." James himself did nothing to found the institution, which existed in full sway when he came on the scene, long before the Lincoln Mausoleum of the Performing Arts was even a gleam in a Rockefeller eye. The materialist religion of Culture Worship had been established in mid-nineteenth century by the Twin Zombies, the first of the culture vultures, the original corpses-found-in-the-library: Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold. Those two together established the most trivial of the modern secular religions—that of the "children of light" in whose judgment sinners would be replaced by "Philistines," among whom the arty could pass somehow as "spiritual," and for whom revealed religion itself could appear as "morality touched with emotion." The two were effective proselytizers; it is only in the name of Sainte-Beuve and the Bolshoi Ballet, after all, that the viciously materialistic Soviets can nowadays attack America for its "materialism" in failing to support the official "fine arts."

James chose to become an observer of, not a participant in, the social and moral order of his times—to become "one of those upon whom nothing is lost," a people-watcher and an impression-collector. His novels, as he himself described them, were "windows" looking on life; as another critic described them, they were keyholes through which one could watch other persons watching still other persons through keyholes. It is a simple fact that James' own experience of life was incomplete, inadequate and special, and that it is so represented in his fiction.

James: *endeavored always "to cultivate the cultivated."*

His adult life is remarkable in two respects: except as a writer, 1) nothing much happened to him, and 2) he caused nothing much to happen. He dined out, he traveled, he wrote letters, he visited museums, he talked. Mr. Edel has come up with one previously unknown incident, an involvement with a lady author, Constance Fenimore Woolson. This Jamesian liaison reached its climax of intimacy, as reported by his biographer, while the two writers lived in a single apartment house where one Italian cook "served them both; they may indeed have taken certain of their meals together." It may even be true, as Mr. Edel seems to suggest, that the lady's eventual suicide was somehow related to James' indifference or passivity. But such stuff does not make lively biography, despite the biographer's claim that he has "showed" in his own book, *Literary Biography*, how "it is possible in our century to write the stories of 'quiet' lives if we address ourselves to character and personality."

Mr. Edel has referred to James the man as both "Johnsonian" and "masculine"—an unfortunate pair of terms inasmuch as James was if anything "Richardsonian" and "feminine" in his literary sensibilities. As Mr. Edel does make clear by paraphrase if not by his own opinion, James' fiction at its best is relevant, not to general human nature, but to those perversions of human nature which have characterized too many "intellectuals" and "cultivated" persons of modern times. James does indeed deal with the great subject matters, with love, with death, and even with "war" as personal or cultural conflict. But his characters are so special and his plots so curious as to generate an interest more nearly clinical than humane. Out of what must have been his own experience as a child, a "hotel child" trailing about Europe after a "strong" mother and a vaguely spiritist father, James constructed a compelling child's vision of a world. It is a world in which children are threatened and abused; in which adult women destroy men or are destroyed by them; in which the only good "relationship" between the sexes is mutual renunciation; in which persons love objects, not other persons.

JAMES at his best reported on this deranged world with honesty and passion. Central to his view is his "two visions of women," as his biographer describes them: "the young and the unattainable or the cruel and the destructive; who reverses roles with her husband, and wields her strength to the point of physical violence." But in fact neither of these Jamesian females is truly woman, the first being the nymph of tradition and the second the witch. Concerning the healthy woman as type or individual, James appears to have had no considerable knowledge; nor is it clear that he believed her to exist.

Nor was James ever really the master of his curious plots and subject matters; rather, they mastered him. His first novel was a kind of obsessive *Lolita*, written long before

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Henry James: II. The Conquest of London: 1870-1881, by Leon Edel. Lippincott, $8.50

Henry James: III. The Middle Years: 1882-1895, by Leon Edel. Lippincott, $8.50

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child-molestation had become a topic of charm among the sophisticated. In his maturer fiction he succeeds only in genteelizing the obsessional elements. Of health and of natural human relationships there is very little in his fiction. Pathology abounds. But anyone who is interested in the modern social catastrophes—the breakdown of marriage, the enfeeblement of men, the abandonment of children, the perversion of spiritual desires—can find these illuminated with occasional brilliance. That James continues to speak with peculiar force to the modern sophisticate, the *literatus* and the academic intellectual is a fact which does not indicate a great strength in him, but rather a great weakness in his special modern audience. He is a lesser figure than his current biographer apparently believes, although a writer brilliant within his narrow range and valuable as a commentator on the modern spiritual disorder.

Movies

How To Write a Screen Play

FRANCIS RUSSELL

MAKE NO MISTAKE about it, as screen epics go *Lawrence of Arabia* is the best in a good many years. Of course the one sterling feature of all epics is the scenery, and in this case it is superb. For here the filming was done in no California backyard but actually in Jordan, and the desert is as real as it is remote. Heat waves shimmer in the endless flat distance, small figures appear waveringly on the horizon like mirages, the sun rises and sets enormously, camels strain and whinny, sandstorms blot out the sky. All this the cameras have captured with an immediacy that makes the eyes ache. Personally, I found the most movingly authentic scene a camel troop advancing down a long valley edged by sharp cliffs, while black-veiled women stood on the rocks on either side and gave their stylized ululating cries.

Yet, leaving the scenery aside as well as the extras (who are genuine, rather than Hollywood, Arabs), the question remains: what conception would anyone form of Lawrence here who knew nothing about him or his writings? A vaguely erroneous and feeble one. Does the engaging Peter O'Toole—who I'm sure has tried very hard and manfully eaten his peck of sand—manage to convey any of the elusive quality of the half-demonic, half-fake Englishman wanting to escape into the skin of a Bedouin? Hardly. Is the film an accurate and convincing account of the Arab revolt? No. Was Cairo, was Allenby, was the British Army, ever like this? Again, no.

Would it have been better instead to have made a Cinerama travelogue of the desert and its tribes? Reluctantly, one must admit that it would. From the film one would gather that Lawrence alone (for reasons best known to himself) rallied the Arabs; that he alone in a matter of weeks became their inspired leader, giving them for the first time a sense of national identity and the strength to conquer Aqaba and Damascus. The hows and the whys are left unexplained—even after four hours.

SOME ONE—I have the feeling—must have drawn the producer's attention to the glamorous possibilities of a film on Lawrence's Arabian interlude. Once convinced, our producer decided he was going to make a "great" picture. The first step would be to get hold of a writer—a real writer and a real Englishman, not one of those Hollywood Ten. Once acquired, such a writer was sent into some Sussex fastness with *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* Lawrence's *Letters, The Essential T.E. Lawrence,* Lowell Thomas' adventure biography —and Richard Aldington's volume as devil's advocate. "Come back in two months with a treatment" was, no doubt, the command.

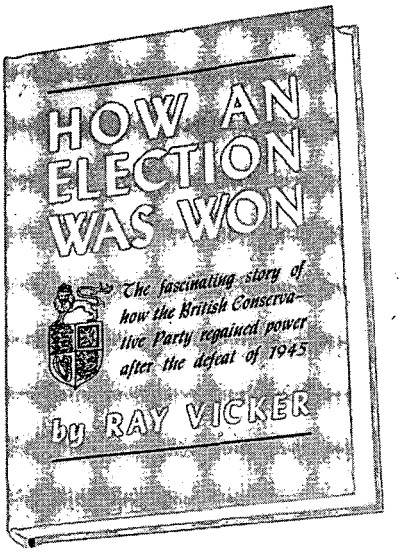
I have a mental image of the writer —an intelligent man and no hack— sitting in baffled isolation at his desk thumbing through his by now much dog-eared copy of *The Seven Pillars,* then standing up and going to the window to stare out at the downs and wonder how anyone could ever extract a scenario out of the involutions of Lawrence's prose, and why he

"Our policy should be . . . not just think you are going to get something out of government . . . but think what you can do for your country."
—RAB BUTLER

Those words are not a paraphrase of President Kennedy's. They were used *October 8, 1945* . . . at the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool, England.

People who read (and think) are talking about this . . . enjoying the wealth of interest and insight you get from this quoteworthy book by

Ray Vicker
European Editor of
The WALL STREET JOURNAL


HOW AN ELECTION WAS WON
The fascinating story of how the British Conservative Party regained power after the defeat of 1945
by RAY VICKER

For Conservatives, the "do it yourself"
BOOK OF THE YEAR!

How Conservative principles, *rephrased* and *sold*, licked the Labor Party's "Prosperity Machine" that offered "something for nothing, from a bottomless Santa Claus bag beside a bureaucrat's desk."

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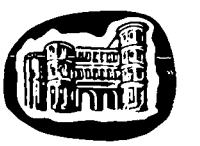

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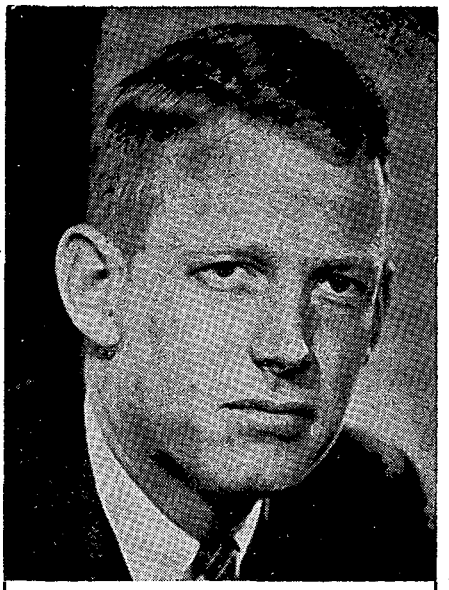

Speaking Up • • •

L. Brent Bozell, senior editor of National Review, author, lecturer, attorney, is one of those unusual public figures who speak as well as they write. Co-author with Wm. F. Buckley, Jr. of *McCarthy and His Enemies*, Mr. Bozell has been abroad for two years in concentrated study and work on his new book, *The Warren Court: A Dissenting Opinion.*

His lecture topics include *To Magnify the West: The West's Real Role in the Cold War, A Conservative Looks For His Party, Liberation or Surrender,* and *The Warren Court.*

He is willing to debate on any topic in the sphere of his competence.

Mr. Bozell will be home for a short time in February, and will be speaking in the Northwest, the Southwest and the Midwest. He will be home permanently in late April and will be in the South, Southwest, Midwest and Northeast in April and May.

If your university or club would like to hear Mr. Bozell, won't you write?

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William Rickenbacker, William A. Rusher and Ernest van den Haag.

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himself had been so foolish as to take on such a burden.

Still, the contract was signed and the job had to be done. Start off with thirst, for example. Obviously anybody in the desert had to come close to dying of thirst—well, one could work that in with Lawrence's advance on Aqaba. That wasn't the way it happened, but never mind. At least it's a start. Then there was that Arab Lawrence went back into the desert to look for (better check his name). Lawrence barely indicated him—here it is, "Gasim, a gap-toothed grumbling fellow." Build the whole thing up, have Lawrence bring him back to a cheering camp, both of them half dead from thirst. At that point the Arabs really accept Lawrence, award him a set of Arab robes, like a First Class Scout badge. There was that Hamed the Moor whom Lawrence had executed earlier for murder. Why not combine him with Gasim, and stage the execution after the rescue? Kismet! Appointment in Samara!

As for Lawrence's impish young body servants Farraj and Daud, they could provide a half-comic, half-sentimental touch. What if Daud did die of a cold; it would be a lot more dramatic to have him fall into a quicksand and have Lawrence and Farraj try desperately and in vain to rescue him. And of course no epic is complete without a lot of blood, and what could be bloodier than the engagement at Tafas where a troop of Arabs overwhelmed a column of Turks and gave no quarter? Expand the whole thing to a divisional attack, show Lawrence up to his white-robed elbows in blood. After all, he was a bit on the sadistic side, wasn't he? This time the text could almost justify it. That episode, though, when Lawrence was prisoner of the Turkish bey—the flogging is O.K., a bonus in fact, but better play down the perversion angle. After all, this isn't an art film—this is a multi-million-dollar epic.

AFTER the treatment, the conferences—producer, director, multiple assistants versus the writer. And as the relays of coffee are brought in and the cigarette butts pile up in the ash trays, the rest of the story is hammered into shape. Undoubtedly some assistant suggested a romance with a sloe-eyed Bedouin maid. No romance, the writer announced, pre-

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paring this time to quit. And no romance it was. He couldn't be too happy about the emergence of the hard-boiled American reporter, Bentley, who strayed in from *Front Page*. Still, as the director pointed out, there have to be compromises, and a Bentley can prove useful not only for comic relief, but to add a few (if only a few) dark, doubting Aldington strokes to Lawrence's shining portrait.

Make the end the beginning (producer's idea)—the trick hasn't worn too thin yet. Show Lawrence at the opening starting out in 1935 on his motorcycle from Clouds' Hill on the way to his fatal crash, swerving desperately to avoid two bicyclists. What if there never were any such bicyclists. It's not *really* certain that Lawrence committed suicide. So—that about does up the package. Oh yes; we'll get someone really sharp, someone from the Conservatoire to compose the background music, give the public a tune that will haunt them, rattle on in their heads like a player piano until they'll just have to buy that $3.95 LP, *Themes from Lawrence of Arabia*.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE SOVIET HIGH COMMAND, 1918-1941, by John Erickson (St. Martin's, $15.00). A model of research and analysis, Erickson's military and political study ranks with the works of Fedotaff, White and Garthoff. It is a lengthy book (668 pages, but it maintains high interest by detailing the development of Soviet military doctrine and military power and their relation to politics. Erickson makes it clear that an artificial separation of Communist political and military matters is a distinction without validity. It is without validity because Soviet actions have denied it validity by combining military and political action. This work may well be a classic. W. D. JACOBS

THE ABSENTEE: A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS, by Marianne Moore (House of Books, $8.50). Two phrases from Maria Edgeworth's *The Absentee* (1812), "the sad-yellow-fly, made with the buzzard's wing," and "the shell-fly, for the middle of July," appear in Miss Moore's poem "Spenser's Ireland" (*What Are Years?* 1941), and now the connoisseurship that chose these words has extracted enough dialogues from the same book—extracted, rearranged, tidied up—to make a charming gaslit play, a minuet of coincidences and disclosures of parentage, a high tea of luxuriously turned Victorian conversation as polished and bevelled as Ivy Compton-Burnett and as nostalgically moral and spirited as Elizabeth Gaskell. "Does it hold the attention?" Miss Moore asks in her preface, "Does any of it apply?" We forget that much of Victorian sentimentality is very welcome, if only to savor in velleity, to our raucous frankness, our scalding realism. And if Miss Moore wonders if Maria Edgeworth's moral perceptions apply to our age, one can only reflect that they apply to any age. Scott and Ruskin, whose moral fibre was of steel cables, loved these novels. It is a triumph to have caught so much of the Edgeworth tone and setting with dialogue alone, and as an exercise in a mode not one's own (Miss Moore has written neither a novel nor, heretofore, a play) *The Absentee* is a splendid example of craftsmanship.

G. DAVENPORT

TEN KEYS TO LATIN AMERICA, by Frank Tannenbaum (Knopf, $4.95). *Ten Keys to Latin America* provides an up-to-date collectivist interpretation of Latin American history for academic circles. Despite Dr. Tannenbaum's pedagogical background, his capacity for dispassionate analysis must be questioned, considering such of his bland pronouncements as: "Castro's political revolution against tyranny, base corruption, and governmental indifference . . . was legitimate and necessary"; but "Castro threw it all away to become involved in a political morass. . . . Just why this profound tragedy has come to afflict the Cuban people and, in the end, Castro himself, will always remain a matter of dispute." Does the cause of the profound tragedy of Czechoslovakia and Masaryk remain a matter of dispute? Of China? Berlin? One suspects Dr. Tannenbaum either of political myopia or an enduring innocence.

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To the Editor

Rusher on the GOP

William A. Rusher's article on Goldwater's chances in '64 [Feb. 12] is the best piece of political writing I've seen in years. I hope that enough Republican delegates read the article and take it to heart. A Rockefeller-Kennedy contest in '64 would offer the electors a choice between sarcoma and carcinoma.

New York City THEODORE DAVIS

I must take exception to Mr. Rusher's promotion of the Goldwater candidacy for 1964, feeling that the national atmosphere and failure of Republicans to increase their congressional seats last November would doom the conservative Presidential bid at this time. The Kennedy public relations blitz could make of Goldwater the kind of laughingstock Stevenson was after 1956. Let them run Rockefeller; his dismemberment by the Kennedys would only add to the evidence that Liberal Republicans can't bring victory.

Washington, D. C. T. ANTHONY QUINN

Buckley on Apartheid (cont.)

"South African Fortnight" [Jan. 15] is written on behalf of *people*—black and white and black-and-white. Mr. Buckley shows not only understanding of their problems but profound sympathy for the tragic web being woven by outsiders to trap them.

Canaan, N. Y. RUTH ALEXANDER

In a brief criticism of Wm. Buckley's excellent analysis of apartheid, Mr. Arthur Green says [Jan. 29], "The collective wisdom of the United Nations proves that Mr. Buckley's article is trash."

As an old collector of collective wisdom, I venture that the collective wisdom of the UN could be put on the head of a pin, and still leave space for the collective wisdom of the Supreme Court and the Americans for Demagogic Action.

Hollywood, Fla. CHAS. B. MCDONALD

The "collective wisdom of the UN," that *una sententia* of foppery, impudence and cacophony, filling the "mighty void of sense" at the perpetual East Side brawl under glass of barbarians of all races, shows Mr. Buckley's article to be of objective value.

Carboro, N. C. RICHARD V. DESROSIERS

Poetic Injustice

Last issue (on page 101)
You ran some verse. Though nicely done,
The author got a dirty deal:
You signed the poetry "von Dreele."
I think you went a trifle far;
I *love* appearing in *NR*,
But in the future, kindly sign
My name to poetry that's mine.

New York City W. H. VON DREELE

This is to express my lasting resentment at your having printed my poem, "McNamara's Ban," over the signature of Mr. von Dreele. I have nothing but admiration for Mr. von Dreele, but I must point out to you that a man who lives by his pen must struggle continuously against those forces which would deprive him of his honestly achieved reputation.

St. Louis, Mo. ANONYMOUS

Le Grand Nez

NATIONAL REVIEW should be given an award for being the Nation's Most Farsighted Magazine. I have just reread Jacques Soustelle's article on "De Gaulle's Coming Break with the West" [June 19, 1962] in which he predicted 1) that Algeria would become at least neutralist and eventually Communist, and 2) that de Gaulle would move decisively closer to Russia and farther from the "Anglo-Saxons." I was singularly impressed with Soustelle's ability to comprehend the basic motives and grand designs of our times. It is incredible that one can gain a better understanding of the present crisis in the Western Alliance by reading an article written seven months ago in NATIONAL REVIEW than he can by trying to learn something from the current Liberal press.

Colorado Springs, Colo. RALPH CRUM

In 1961 de Gaulle did not regard the Berlin Wall as an opportunity for treating non-recognition of East Germany as negotiable. In 1962 he refused to talk disarmament at Geneva; if you start talking you grant that there is a case for genocidal Communism. And now de Gaulle sees apparently that a Britain which produces Bertrand Russells might not be a reliable member of the European Community. With Dulles gone and Adenauer going, it is good to have one Western statesman who understands the Communist threat.

Essex, England CRITICUS

The American press in action is a thing wondrous to behold. While de Gaulle was in the process of surrendering Algeria and its *colons* to the anti-Western zealots of the FLN, our newspapers cried "Hosanna" and acclaimed his statesmanship as the

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greatest since Eisenhower avoided doing "anything foolish" for the Hungarians six years ago. But now that *Monsieur le président* has turned about, all is changed. His effort to unite and preserve the Continent from the influence of a Fabianized and decaying Britain (and, implicitly, from the "leadership" of the aspiring mistress of the neutralist bloc—America) elicits nothing from the U.S. press but gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair. Our papers and commentators, apparently, can put up with anything except a hard Western line.

Lexington, Va. J. D. FUTCH

A largely ignored aspect of George Orwell's novel, *1984,* was his division of the world into three superstates: Oceania (comprising Britain and the Western Hemisphere), Eurasia and East Asia.

The Sino-Soviet split, though of debatable gravity and import, is real, and accentuates the forces that pull Russia away from the rest of Asia. Charles de Gaulle has proclaimed his vision of a Europe extending "from the Atlantic to the Urals." And now de Gaulle has arbitrarily isolated Britain from Europe. Could it be that *le Grand Charles* likes to envision himself in the role of *le Grand Frère?*

Aptos, Calif. GEORGE R. NOCK

On Wisconsin

I wish you would stop bullyragging Senator Proxmire [Jan. 29]. Now that our newly elected Senator Nelson has allied himself with Wayne Morse and Joe Clark, Proxmire has taken on new status. After all, which other state has two junior senators?

Madison, Wis. TED CORMANEY

Stop the Press

In your mention of the newspaper strikes currently plaguing two of our largest cities [Jan. 29], I feel that you could have used a better example than Kohler or Gross, as men who stood up to the unions. Two publishers, Frye of the *Portland Oregonian* (owned by Samuel Newhouse) and Knight of the *Oregon Journal* (bought in 1961 by Newhouse), deserve mention for their courageous leadership in the Portland newspaper strike, which began in November of 1959 and technically is still going on. They simply used non-union help when the union help would not cross the picket lines. And for over three years our two metropolitan papers have successfully published without union contracts. The unions have tried numerous tactics, from a peaceful boycott (which has been no more successful than was Russia's Berlin blockade) to violence, but the papers would not yield. I hope the strike goes on, for it uses union money for anti-Newhouse *Oregonian* and *Oregon Journal* propaganda, as more Portland firms (two, so far) use similar strategy.

Hillsboro, Ore. LESTER LACKEY

Troubles? Advt. in NR

I saw your recent story about correspondence between Governor Rockefeller and myself [Jan. 29] with a notation from a "D.F.B."

I have now received a letter from Governor Rockefeller advising me that it was a case of "misidentification" on the part of Mr. Barr and that he has expressed regrets.

Dallas, Tex. ROBERT MORRIS

Alpha 66

In your January 29th issue there were some excellent analyses and profound remarks upon Cuba. With the exception of one remark, I could go straight down the line. This remark denied any possible uprising among the populace. Most of this is due, I think, to the obscurity of news concerning the successes of Alpha 66 and the Second Front.

I have been a member of Alpha 66 for some time now and feel that for some reason I am living in another dimension. Despite the fact that we are carrying out raids against this Communist-held island several times a year, no one prints it, no one hears of them—and no one seems interested.

As of Dec. 1st our Second Front organization had fifteen hundred men in the Cuban underground, engaged in the same kind of *insurgency* that has been beating the heads off of Western forces all around the world. *We are the only organized, military force extant in the whole world that is carrying the war into Communist territory.*

Our type of insurgency has been used by the enemy for years and the forces of the U.S. are slowly beginning to wake up to its value. The astute military mind will tell you that there is no practical defense against it. It calls for sacrifice, determined dedication and considerable fatalism.

In Laos, Vietnam — and, now, Northern Thailand — terror against the apathetic natives was used to make them assist the Communist insurgents. In Cuba we have a 90 per cent dissident population (largely substantiated by your Jean-Marc Dufour). This is how our Second Front manages to survive on the island and conduct its forays.

Three AP slugs through a Czech or Russian vehicle's motor block is worth more than wiping out a whole platoon of Castro's militia—half of whom may be Second Fronters or *simpaticos.* A burned-out oil dump can immobilize a whole tank company, or a MiG jet group.

All of this the U.S. is finding out in the Far East. There, it is pulling the roof down on us, just as, bit by bit, Alpha 66 and the Segundo Frente is destroying the "Caudillo" myth that the Latin Communists have built up around their Lenin of the Americas.

Our first tactically coordinated raid upon the terminal at Juan Francisco Shores in Las Villas Province on Dec. 4th was too big a job to hide on the last pages. This time we rated page five and six. The amphibious forces of Alpha 66 landed with their demolition equipment to find the rail head secured by the Second Front. They had some two hours to place their charges and to leave the place in a shambles. The Communists will be several months rebuilding their rail system with parts they can only get at great expense from half a world away.

With one exception, the situation between Vietnam and Cuba in their geographical relation in logistics to their prime support is the same. The difference is: the Viet Cong guerrillas *get* that support while *we* do not. In fact, under the aegis of the U.S. Neutrality Act our groups are being constantly badgered, harassed, and jailed by the Administration's political police—the CIA. Shipload after shipload of subversive arms is permitted to enter Cuban ports each week to be distributed throughout the Caribbean and Latin American countries to the Communists who hold those people in a state of terror. When we are lucky enough to procure just one piece of Western arms, and manage to smuggle it out of the country and into action against the common enemy, it costs us 40 or 50 times its normal value.

We are a private, shoestring outfit

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by necessity. Our support comes from people like myself. I am a carpenter. I am broke and in debt and will stay that way until we win this war. The cringing fear of our Administration and its family of advisers makes it necessary for the private American citizen in our colorless times to defend himself—privately.

Fairhope, Ala. CRAIG T. SHELDON

Indicated Therapy

I continue to be incensed at the shabby pressure tactics applied to the drug industry to acquire the ransom loot for Castro. A possible legal maneuver to needle those involved has come to my mind and I pass it on to you.

My recollecton is that some years ago a large industrial corporation was sued by a stockholder because the corporation had contributed to the support of a private college. As I remember, the court held that the company could not contribute to charities as this was not within their corporate charter, that any contribution by a company must be demonstrably related to furthering the business of the company.

Now if a stockholder were to sue one of the drug companies for misuse of company funds, the company might be pushed into proving they received a favor from the government for goods donated; or at least might be given another reason to resist government pressures the next time around. Do you think this idea has merit?

Muncie, Ind. RALPH O. BUTZ, M.D.

Sounds marvelous. —ED.

R. I. . . . . P.

Speaking as a lifetime admirer of Mrs. Roosevelt, my compliments on William Buckley's R.I.P. [Jan. 29]. I believe it was honest and decent and, from his point of view, fair.

NORMAN DORSEN
Professor of Law
New York City New York University

After reading your article, "Mrs. Roosevelt, R.I.P.," I am sick at heart.

Mrs. Roosevelt's logic, to be sure, was not always syllogistic, which incidentally is capable of fallibility. But is syllogistic logic the epitome and chief aim of life to the exclusion of all else? To emphasize this defect only is to overlook Mrs. Roosevelt's more admirable characteristics, her overwhelming and abiding understanding and compassion for *people*, individuals or groups, and their problems. This fine, indeed great, lady has emphasized, through her example, an *ideal*, that of universal love and concern for our fellow man. And what, I ask you, is *really* more important than the personal concern for the ultimate destiny of the individual?

To assault this individual now with sarcastic invective in poor journalistic taste and form, such as "People get very sore when you knock the old lady," will not serve either to really detract from her stature or to enhance yours.

St. Paul, Minn. HOWARD A. DINSDALE, M.D.

Mr. Buckley, the social philosopher, is well known through his articles, statements and speeches. Mr. Buckley, the man, was revealed beyond all reasonable doubt in his recent article, "Mrs. Roosevelt, R.I.P."

Mr. Buckley, a nineteenth-century liberal, *si,*
Mr. Buckley, a Christian gentleman, *no.*

River Forest, Ill. SISTER VINCENT FERRER

People get very sore when you knock the old lady. —ED.

Lecteuse Clamat

I have noticed that advertisements for your magazine are quite good except for one minor omission. You forget to tell your prospective readers that they must be at least bi-lingual, but preferably multi-lingual in order to read NATIONAL REVIEW.

I am just an average citizen with only the average public school language requirements and I become quite dismayed when I cannot read the poems, quips, endings of articles, beginnings of articles because of the language barrier. I hope to see the Latin, African, Spanish, French, and Sanskrit kept to a minimum, or better yet, perhaps you could put out a special all-English edition.

Balboa Island, Calif. MRS. E. F. WAKEFIELD

Who is My Neighbor?

Sir Arnold Lunn's article [Jan. 29] was an encouraging bit of insight into the pathetic lethargy that exists among so many Christians, when confronted with reports on their brethren behind the Iron Curtain.

Murfreesboro, Tenn. DAVID P. BISSELL

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"Marxism-Leninism teaches that there is no God; that men and women are animals devoid of soul, spirit, significant individual value and continuity of life, and that the human animal species has been divided by its economic environment into warring classes, and that the basic dynamic of capitalist society is a state of war which Marx called the "class war." The basic doctrine of Marxism-Leninism is simply this: War is universal. The Communists can use the word "peace" with total sincerity in their own sense. We interpret it in our sense. And we are the pathetic victims of their deceit. The Communists are not hypocrites. If they were hypocrites our task would be infinitely simpler. A hypocrite can make a bargain; a hypocrite can be appeased. The Communists are so totally committed to their program of World Conquest, so totally committed to the concept of the universality of class war, that they have crossed the borderline of sanity and we are dealing with paranoic mentality beyond the reach of logic and reasonable appeal."

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Address given by Dr. Fred Schwarz of Sydney, Australia, before the combined Houses of the Texas Legislature

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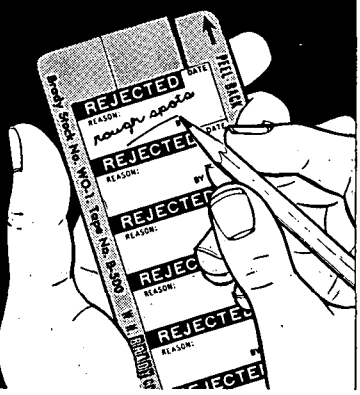

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Obscenity Thy Name Is

I thought maybe you would be interested to know about the trouble I've had finding NATIONAL REVIEW in the Rexall drug store in El Segundo, California.

Several times I would have bought it but couldn't find it on the stand. Finally yesterday I asked a clerk if they ever got the magazine. "Oh, yes," she said, lowering her voice, "I'm not allowed to put it out on the rack. I have it back here under the counter. If you want it, I'll put it in a paper sack for you."

I told her I wasn't ashamed of the magazine, that I didn't want it in a paper sack. I then asked the assistant manager and he told me that he didn't know about this specific magazine, but that the PTA had given the store a list of magazines with the request that they not be put on display due to the proximity of the high school.

El Segundo, Calif. HARRY BOUGENO

NCC, No

Your magazine does a good job in the fight for safe, sane conservative government. It covers the Catholic situation especially well.

I am a Protestant and we desperately need your help. We are faced with a real problem—the National Council of Churches. The influence wielded by this organization is unbelievable. This group is in tight control of almost all Protestant Churches and we can't begin to combat the brainwashing that is being so successfully carried out through the NCC. Please help us.

Nashville, Tenn. ELIZABETH NAPIER

WS on JFK

It recently occurred to me that Shakespeare's *Richard II* contains an accurate description of JFK, to wit:

". . . The nobles hath he fined
for ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not want.
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
Wars have not wasted it, for warred he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achieved with blows.
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars."

Stanford, Calif. BRUCE NAEGELI

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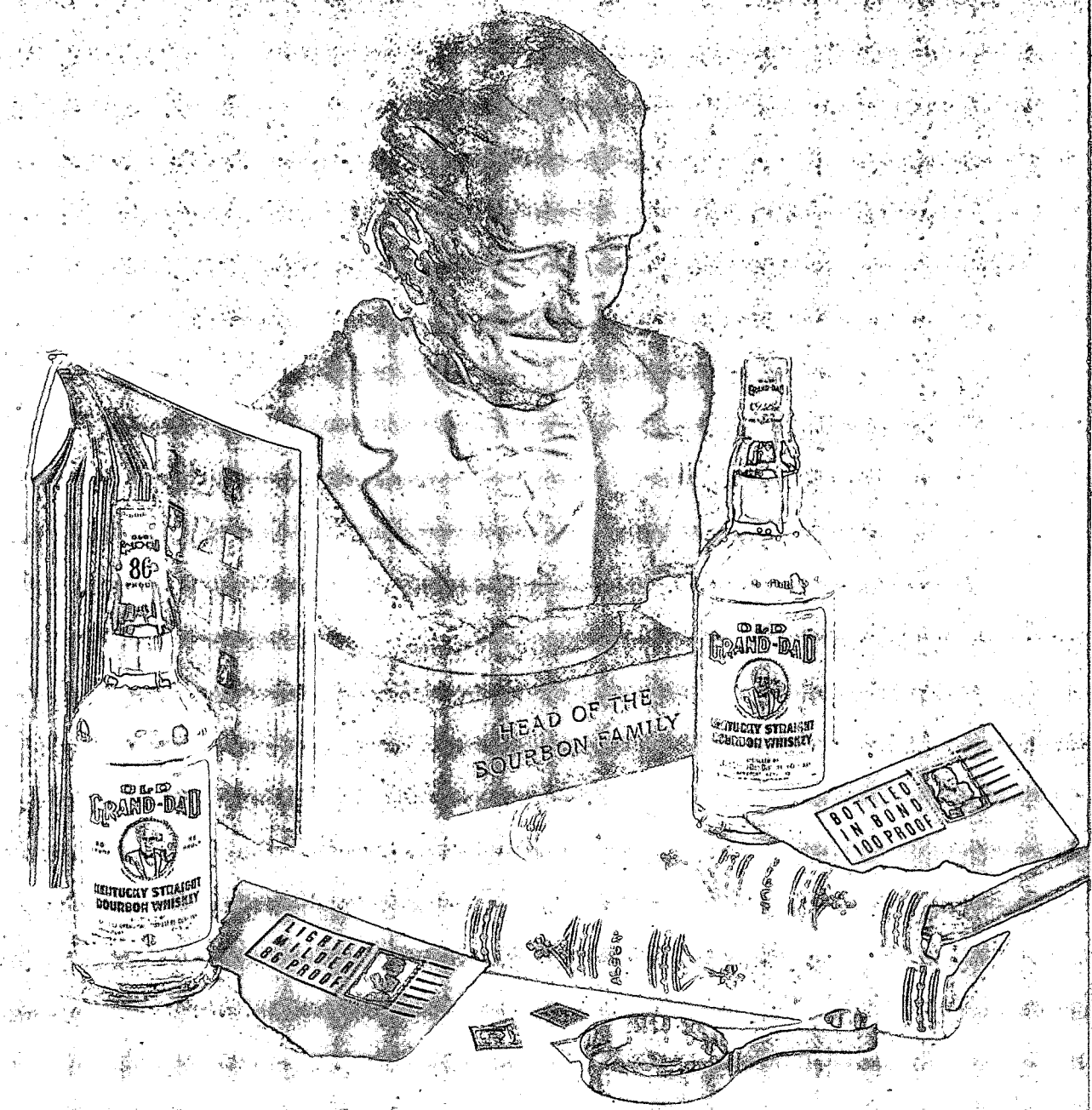

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